THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR MAY, 1808.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. PORTRAIT of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IV., KING of SWEDEN.
2. LONDON Fashionable FULL DRESS.
3. A new and elegant PATTERN for the BOTTOM of a DRESS.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* shall certainly appear in our next.

Neos may find the *hint* he requests, relative to his Essay on the Preference given by Ladies to Soldiers, among the Notices to Correspondents in our Magazine for March.

The *Country Walk* is intended for insertion.

The *Observations* of *Ambulator* may be *Facts*, but they are unsuitable to our Miscellany.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR MAY, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES AND CHARACTER OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IV. KING OF SWEDEN.

[*With his Portrait elegantly engraved.*]

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IV. the present king of Sweden, was born Nov. 1, 1778, and succeeded his father, Gustavus III. who terminated his reign and life from the consequences of a wound which he received while at a masquerade in the Opera House at Stockholm, from the assassin Ankerstroem, March 29, 1792. He was immediately proclaimed king; but the duke of Sudermania, his uncle, as had been provided by the will of the late monarch, was declared sole regent and guardian of the young sovereign till he should attain his majority, which was fixed at the age of eighteen. In 1796, therefore, he assumed the reins of government, and, on the 31st of October 1797, married the princess Frederica-Dorothea-Wilhelmina, daughter of Charles-Louis, hereditary prince of Baden, whose elder daughter Louisa had been married in October 1793 to Alexander, now emperor of all the Russias; who is at present, at the instigation of the ruler of France, employed in endeavouring to wrest from his brother-in-law a considerable part of his dominions, and to force him to submit to that exorbitant power of which he has himself become little other than the vassal.

This young sovereign appears to be actuated by a high sense of honour, and to disregard all views of private advantage, and even of political interest, when placed in competition with what he esteems his honour. He has uniformly opposed, as far as in his power,

all the encroachments of France, to many of which the emperor of Russia, even before his late defeat, too readily acceded, with a view, no doubt, to the aggrandizement of his own empire. While the Diet of Ratisbon existed, in which the king of Sweden had a voice as one of the states of the German empire, in consequence of his possession of Pomerania, he delivered in several spirited rescripts against the demands and increasing influence of the French; and when the king of Prussia, acting under that influence, took possession of Hanover, he opposed him in the most vigorous manner, and hostilities ensued between the Swedish and Prussian troops. After the power and spirit of Russia was broken by the fatal battle of Friedland, and she became the ally, or rather the vassal of France, the king of Sweden continued to defend his little territory of Pomerania, and only lose it, as it were, inch by inch; and now that the greater part of Finland is lost, the strong fortress of Sweaborg having surrendered, and he is reduced to Sweden proper, he appears unshaken in his resolution not to yield while defence is possible; and with the assistance of a naval force from this country, which no doubt he will receive, the enemy will find it very difficult to make much impression on the strong barrier of seas and mountains by which Sweden is protected.

The Swedes in general, to use the words of a late traveller *, are a frank, open, kind-hearted, gay, hospitable, hardy, and spirited people. It would be difficult to point out any nation that is more distinguished by a happy union of genius, bravery, and natural probity of disposition. They are represented by their neighbours as the *Gascons* of *Scandinavia*. This charge, when due allowance is made for the mutual jealousy and antipathy of neighbouring nations, amounts to no more than this, that they are actuated by that sensibility to fame, and love of distinction, which generally predominates in the breasts of a brave, generous, and adventurous people.

The government of Sweden has undergone many changes. The Swedes were originally free; and during the course of many centuries the crown was elective, but after various revolutions Charles XII., who rendered himself so famous by his early victories, his defeat at Pultawa, and his extravagancies in Turkey, became despotic. After his death in 1718, his sister Ulrica consented to the abolition of despotism, and restored the states to their former liberties, and they, in return, associated her husband, the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, with her in the government. The constitution was then entirely new modelled, and the regal power perhaps too much reduced, for the king of Sweden could scarcely be called by that name, being limited in every exercise of government. The senate had even a power of imposing upon the king a subcommittee of their number, who were to attend upon his person, and to be a check upon all his proceedings, down to the very management of his family.

But in August 1772 the whole system of the Swedish government

* Mr. Acerbi.

was totally changed by the late king Gustavus III. in the most unexpected manner. He was at Paris at the time of his father's death, whence he wrote in the most gracious terms to the senate, repeatedly assuring them that he meant to govern according to the laws. An extraordinary diet was called to regulate the affairs of the government, and settle the form of the coronation oath. Some time after his arrival in Sweden he solemnly signed and swore to support the government of the kingdom as then established; to maintain the rights and liberties of the states, the liberty and security of all his subjects, and to reign with gentleness and equity according to the laws of the kingdom. But scarcely had he taken these solemn oaths to rule according to the then established form of government, and accepted the crown upon these conditions, before he formed a plan to govern as he thought proper, regarding these oaths only as matters of ceremony. He made use of every art, the profoundest dissimulation, and the utmost dexterity and address, in order to render this hazardous enterprise successful. On his first arrival at Stockholm he adopted every method which could increase his popularity. Three times a week he regularly gave audience to all who presented themselves. Neither rank, fortune, nor interest, were necessary to obtain access to him; it was sufficient to have been injured, and to have a legal cause of complaint to lay before him. He listened to the meanest of his subjects with affability, and entered into the minutest details that concerned them: he informed himself of their private affairs, and seemed to interest himself in their happiness. This conduct caused him to be considered as truly the father of his people, and the Swedes began to idolize him. At length when he found his scheme ripe for execution, having taken the proper measures for bringing a considerable number of the officers and soldiers into his interest, on the 19th of August 1772, he totally overturned the Swedish constitution of government. In less than an hour he made himself master of the whole military force of Stockholm, made all the members of the senate prisoners, and, suffering no person to leave the city, that intelligence of these violent proceedings might not be carried to any other part of the kingdom, issued a proclamation for an assembly of the states to meet on the 21st; which having accordingly met he surrounded with troops, and planted cannon, over which soldiers stood with lighted matches in their hands, facing the hall in which they were assembled. The king, then, being seated on his throne, surrounded by his guards and a numerous band of officers, after having addressed a speech to the states, ordered a secretary to read a new form of government, which he offered to the states for their acceptance. As they were surrounded by an armed force they thought proper to comply with what was required of them. The marshal of the diet, and the speakers of the other orders, signed the form of government, and the states took the oath to the king, which he dictated to them himself. He afterwards gave them to understand that he intended, in six years time, again to convene an assembly of the states. By the

form of government introduced by this revolution the king may assemble and dissolve the states whenever he pleases; he has the sole disposal of the army, the navy, the finances, and all employments civil and military; and though he cannot openly claim a power of imposing taxes on all occasions, yet such as then subsisted were rendered perpetual, and, in case of invasion or pressing necessity, he may impose some taxes till the states can be assembled; but of this necessity he is to be the judge, and the meeting of the states depends wholly upon his will and pleasure; and when they are assembled they are to deliberate upon nothing but what the king thinks proper to lay before them. It is easy to perceive that a government thus constituted can be but little removed from one of the most despotic kind. Gustavus, however, exercised the exorbitant power he had thus gained with some degree of moderation, and at an assembly of the states in 1786, after many points had been referred to them by the king, and debated with great freedom he dismissed them with condescension and gentleness, at the same time remitting a tenth part of the subsidy which they had granted him.

The following is a sketch of the character of Gustavus III. as drawn by Mr. Acerbi, whom we have quoted above, in his *Travels through Sweden*:

'The great object of the late king of Sweden in all his actions was to make a noise in the world. From the display of his magnificence, the show of his abilities and talents, which he exhibited in many different ways, and from his spirit of enterprise one would be tempted to imagine that there was scarcely any thing worth notice in Sweden that did not originate with him. He was ambitious that his reign should be signalized as the æra of arts and sciences in Sweden, as the age of Louis XIV. was in France. Unfortunately for Sweden it was not a Henry IV. but a Louis XIV. that Gustavus made the object of his emulation. Aspiring with incessant endeavours to an illustrious name among sovereigns, he was wont among his courtiers to make not indirect comparisons between himself and that monarch. Like him he sought to be surrounded with the splendor of literature and the arts, and studied in all things to appear a great and munificent king. Like his maternal uncle, Frederic the Great of Prussia, he was ambitious of being an author as well as a warrior. Emulating the renown of Charles XII. he threatened like him to involve his country in ruin; for he had engaged in vigorous preparations for the invasion of France, than which the march of Charles XII. towards Moscow in order to dethrone the Czar was not more romantic. To poets, musicians, and painters, he extended a high degree of favour and protection; but he made those he protected the tools of his ambition and vanity. The encouragement which he gave to the fine arts was founded solely on political views and selfish motives. His object was to astonish the nation by shows and other novelties, to dazzle the people by the splendor of his magnificence, and to engage them in pursuits, that they might be diverted from reflections on their political subjection and degradation. He was willing to root out every sentiment

of honour, and to extinguish every spark of liberty, that he might bear sway over a herd of slaves. When impartial history shall unfold the various artifices by which this prince, who was, unhappily for his country, a man of unquestionable genius, attained to the accomplishment of all his ends, we shall be satisfied that he was a greater enemy to the Swedish nation than Charles XII.; for Charles left behind him in the minds of the Swedes a spirit of national pride, as well as personal honour and self-esteem, and a satisfactory recollection of the noble exploits of their ancestors. Though reduced by him to the lowest ebb of fortune, they were animated by his name to a love of glory. They were proud of having had such a king, and wept over his memory. That of Gustavus III. is cherished at this day by none but painters, musicians, comedians, and particular favourites.

'Under the regency of the duke of Sudermania the views and system, and, in a word, the spirit of the Swedish government, underwent a complete revolution. Gustavus was the sworn enemy of the French revolution, and was on the point, as has been before observed, of joining the arms of Sweden to those of the general confederacy; and had he lived he would at least have made a sacrifice of some regiments, and added some millions of rix-dollars to that debt with which he had already burthened the country. The regent remained neutral, cultivated a connection with France, and studied economy. The consequence was that the discount of the paper-money of Sweden at Hamburgh, Riga, and other places, fell from twenty-five to ten per cent. This neutrality was calculated to restore to the Swedes some portion of that national character which Gustavus was at such great pains to destroy; and the brave and honest people were again allowed to cherish the idea, and make use of the word *liberty*, without giving offence. The duke of Sudermania had the good sense to form a just estimate of a nation which, in vindication of their liberty, had at different periods revolted against their tyrants, and whose conduct in public affairs had, on the whole, been such as became an enlightened people. Men of letters and science began to lift up their voice, and their voice was heard. More freedom was granted to the press; and though the restraints enforced by Gustavus III. were not formally abolished, yet writers were permitted to discuss matters, even of a political nature, without fear, and to assert the truth without restriction. This alteration was very perceptible in the trade of book-selling, which was greatly encouraged and augmented.

'The present king of Sweden has adopted a mode of conduct and style of manners directly opposite to those of his uncle, with whom he has never lived in harmony. During the whole of the regency the young king kept himself in a state of total insignificance. He never, of his own accord, appeared before the people, nor did any thing without asking leave of the duke: it seemed as if he considered himself as nobody during his minority, for the sole purpose of making the regent feel the whole weight of his authority when the period should arrive of exercising it in its full extent. The leading features in this young prince's cha-

racter, as I conceive, are an ambition of governing without ministers, or any interference that might set bounds to his absolute sway; and a sincere wish, at the same time, to do as much good as lies within the sphere of his powers and knowledge.'

Mr. Acerbi adds that 'under the influence of two priests, and strongly impressed with an abhorrence of the new philosophy, he has become a determined bigot, and is influenced by a superstition that throws every possible obstacle in the way of progressive improvement. One of these two priests is bishop Fleddin, who was the king's preceptor in religious instruction. He is a man of no learning, of an aspiring temper, and ready to make any sacrifice to his private interest. The religion of Luther, under his auspices, degenerates into the rites and ceremonies of popery. It is by his advice that the soldiers have received orders to turn the muzzles of their fire-arms downwards, on Good Friday, and to have their drums slackened and deadened, as at Rome, and in other Catholic countries.'

The liberty of the press in Sweden at the present moment is entirely subdued; the reign of ignorance and bigotry gains ground, and will perhaps soon be as unlimited, and produce the same dismal gloom as now prevails in Spain and Portugal.

But whether this imputation be well founded or not the bravery and determined firmness of Gustavus IV. admit of no doubt. Had the greater powers of Europe displayed the same resolution and inflexible constancy, and honestly acted in concert, they might, there can be little doubt, have checked the inordinate ambition of France; nor would the king of Sweden have been the only power on the continent who now dares to oppose her usurpations, and the only remaining ally of Britain.

ANECDOTES OF HANDEL.

(As related by the late Dr. Beattie.)

I LATELY heard two anecdotes which deserve to be put in writing, and which you will be glad to hear. When Handel's 'Messiah' was first performed, the audience were exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general, but when that chorus struck up—'For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,' they were so transported, that they all, together with the king, who happened to be present, started up, and remained standing till the chorus ended: And hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing. Some days after the first exhibition of the same divine oratorio, Mr. Handel came to pay his respects to lord Kinnoul, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town—'My lord,' said Handel, 'I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better. These two anecdotes I had from lord Kinnoul himself. You will agree with me that the first does great honour to Handel, to music, and to the English nation. The second tends to confirm my theory, and sir John Hawkins's testimony, that Handel, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, was a pious man.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 152.]

LETTER LIX.

Miss Vernon to Miss West.

HOW apt are we ignorant mortals to pass judgment, and censure each other's conduct, without knowing the motives of their actions! and the censured person is branded with infamy where he merits praise. The transactions of the past week have suggested this observation; and I will lay them before you, as a duty I owe to a man I have too hastily condemned.

You may recollect that in my last I mentioned that Mr. Johnson was expected to visit Mr. Wentworth — He came — and the following day called upon us. We received him with all the satisfaction attending the sight of a real friend; and as he was not accompanied by Mr. Wentworth, his visit was doubly welcome. We chatted of indifferent matters. He said little of Mr. Wentworth or his lady, but observed that she was a very beautiful woman. Maria said she had not seen her, but no doubt Mr. Wentworth had shown his taste in the choice of a wife. He looked particularly earnest at Maria as she spoke. (Are you let into the secret, thought I.) —'Yes,' he replied, 'and I think the lady has shown her taste in the choice of a husband.' 'There are two sorts of tastes,' said I, laughing—'True,' replied he; 'and if Mrs. Wentworth has only her beautiful face to recommend her I should say my friend has a very bad one.'—'And if,' said I, 'Mr. Wentworth has only a large fortune and handsome person to recommend him, I shall say they are well matched.'—'A large fortune and handsome person,' replied he, with the warmth of a friend, 'are trifling recommendations to those who know Mr. Wentworth; they only add a lustre to virtues which they cannot give.'

I shrugged my shoulders — How some folks may be deceived, thought I: but these men think nothing of making fools of us poor girls—Fearing Maria would make one of herself I changed the subject, but resolved, if I could find opportunity, to have this matter out with him, as I doubted not he was in his friend's confidence. I did not wait long for this; for as Mr. Wilson had given him a pressing invitation, he came every day, and happened to come yesterday morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, with Maria, were gone to take a ride. There is a great affability in the manner of this gentleman; and for the short time we have been acquainted I never met with one I could be so free with. The obligation I am under to him seems to call for my confidence as well as esteem.

We began talking of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth: —'You have never, miss Harriet,' said he, 'given me your opinion of her'—'Nor can I,' said I, smiling, 'before I know yours.'—'It is a mark of po-

liteness in the *beau monde* to withhold giving opinions till those of others are known. But we are not of the *beau monde*; and besides, how do you know but I may coincide in your judgment.'—'I do not wish,' said I, 'to talk of her; but if you will please to give me your opinion of her husband, I will be obliged to you'—'That is the easiest thing in the world,' said he; 'he has the best heart, the finest understanding, the——' 'Hold!' interrupted I, 'those two qualities I call in question. I will speak my mind to you, sir, and if after what I shall inform you of your friend's conduct, you can justify it, I shall be greatly surprised.' He bowed, and I went on.

'Can a man possessing a good heart form an engagement of so serious a nature as marriage, and after securing the affections of a young woman, and the promise of her hand, marry another without assigning any cause for such conduct? Is not such an act contrary to every sentiment of honour? Would a man of sense and delicacy add insult to ill usage, and by the introduction of his wife to the forsaken lady, wound her feelings, and triumph over her ill-placed affections?'

'Good Heavens!' interrupted he, 'this cannot be in reference to my friend!'—'Yes,' said I, (and I thought of David and the prophet Nathan) 'your friend, sir, is the man that has so acted by my sister.'

Astonishment took possession of every feature in Mr. Johnson's countenance—'You are mistaken,' said he, 'indeed you are'—'Nay, sir,' said I, with equal warmth, 'I appeal to facts: did not your friend make the most unequivocal offer of his hand and heart to my sister in a letter from Bengal? And did not my sister accept it in the most cordial and unreserved manner?—And is not your friend married to another?'—'I know it,' said he, 'I have ever been in his confidence: he confessed his attachment to your sister before he went abroad, but was withheld from disclosing it to her, as he knew she had accepted the colonel's addresses. This conduct does him the highest credit. On my informing him that this connection was broken off, and that he was by the most unexpected good fortune worthy her acceptance, he made the offer. But nothing could exceed his grief, when instead of her acceptance he received a refusal, saying she was on the point of marriage with another, to whom she had been long attached. She added that if Mr. Wentworth valued her happiness he would cease to regard her otherwise than as a friend, whom she should always respect and esteem; and that it would give her the highest pleasure to be informed that he was married to some worthy woman. Thus disappointed in his hopes, he was for a time almost distracted. But what could he do? Had he given himself up to despair he would have forfeited all title to the name of a man of sense. His uncle and cousin endeavoured to comfort him, and in a short time the young lady discovered symptoms of affection. Her father was very desirous of the union:—Ye romantic sentimentalists! what would you have done?—He thought her on the whole amiable: she affected to have parted with her levity;

she was beautiful, and loved him; he married her, and who can blame him. When he brought her to England he naturally supposed she would be no unwelcome visitor to your sister; and he himself wished to cultivate the acquaintance on his wife's account.'

'Good Heavens!' said I, 'what do I hear! A letter of refusal! I saw my sister's letter; I could show you the copy of it. So far from a refusal it was an explicit acceptance, with a frank avowal of an equal attachment.'

'Is it possible!' said he, 'then my poor friend has been grossly deceived somewhere. I have your sister's letter in my possession—he sent to me—I will show it to you'—'Do so,' said I, 'and I will show you the copy of her's.'

This, then, is Mr. Johnson's account, from which a full vindication of Mr. Wentworth's conduct must be drawn.

When I was a little recovered from the consternation this narrative had thrown me into, it occurred to me who could be the author of this vile deception that had been practised on poor Wentworth.—I could not but suspect it was his wife, but if so, what an infamous wretch must she be! What would be the situation of her husband was the affair now to be investigated? I did not hint to Mr. Johnson my suspicions; perhaps he had likewise the same. He told me that this day Mr. Wentworth had regretted the averseness of his wife to cultivate Mrs. Wilson's and Maria's acquaintance. She had even declared that she would not return the visit. He added, with a deep sigh, she sees I am very desirous of it. I told him that I thought, for his own sake, it was better to drop the connexion entirely, especially as miss Vernon was not married; nor had I heard she was engaged so to be; and that I did not much wonder at Mrs. Wentworth's reluctance'—'Perhaps you are right,' said he.—He changed the conversation, and indeed has all along appeared disinclined to enter on it—'Alas! my poor friend!' said he, 'he is very unhappy; his wife is perverse. I see plainly her art has made her appear in his eyes before marriage other than she really is. I have now spent a week with them, and I clearly see she is not the woman to make him happy. When she comes to mix in the gay world she will give herself up to dissipation: I dread the consequences of the introduction of so beautiful a person, joined to so weak and gay a mind. She insists on seeing the English world, as she calls it: and the neighbouring gentry who have visited her have already filled her head with fantastical ideas. What a prospect for a husband of Wentworth's description! Poor, poor fellow!' I was much affected whilst Mr. Johnson spoke; the tears flowed down my cheeks, and all my ill-placed resentment gave way to pity—'I distress you,' said he. 'We will hope the best; I may have judged too hastily of a young woman who to look at is goodness itself. Who would not have been deceived by such a face! But how are we to manage with regard to your sister? For the honour of my friend I think she must be made acquainted with it'—'I think not,' said I, 'to what purpose will it be now?'—'But then my friend's honour is impeached in her eyes'—'Better so than she should be made miserable.

Time will, I doubt not, restore her peace, whilst she continues in her present belief; but undeceived I would not answer for the consequence.'

He said he would cheerfully acquiesce in what I thought best; and with regard to his friend, it was out of the question undeceiving him. In short, we agreed it was best for both parties to remain in ignorance. I hope this determination will meet your mother's and your approbation—Mr. Johnson and I regretted their being so liable to see each other. Not that I think an explanation will take place, as Maria, I dare say, will avoid being alone with him, and Mrs. Wentworth's determination of not cultivating the acquaintance is so far fortunate as it will prevent the blundering Mrs. Wilson from popping out something that might lead to a discovery. If they do not visit here the acquaintance will drop of course. Mr. Johnson undertakes to prevail on his friend to see Maria as little as possible, and I shall find it not difficult to prevail on her to avoid his company.

Thus, my dear susan, I have laid this affair before your good mother and you. I can make no comments upon it. What shall we say, but that 'whatever is, is right;' and although the ways of Heaven are dark and intricate, 'yet they are just, and will operate in the end for good.—I shall urge Maria to accompany me to Windsor, as it is now very desirable she should remove from this spot, for I dread above all things an explanation taking place. May Heaven direct for the best, and restore our dear Maria to health and spirits, prays your ever affectionate

H. Vernon.

I must add, it is my intention to let the colonel and his sister into all particulars; it is surely proper I should have no reserves to them.

LETTER LX.

From the same to the same.

I have prevailed on Maria to visit Mrs. Ambrose, but there arose a difficulty at my accompanying her, as it would leave Mrs. Wilson alone; we thought she would take it ill to propose it, and might, with some show of reason, say we made her house a conveniency. At the same time it was (after what had heretofore passed) very disagreeable to me to be liable to her absurd jealousy. But as she had for two days together been in a tolerable good humour, and had expressed herself with much compassion at Maria's disappointment (Mrs. Wilson has her fits of humanity as well as generosity) this, with the friendly treatment we have on the whole received from her, entitles her to every attention from us. We therefore were at a loss to propose our both leaving her; and thought it best, on the whole, to propose only Maria's going. Accordingly I took occasion to say that I thought Maria's spirits would sooner recover if she was removed from the spot, where her being liable to see Mr. Wentworth kept her mind in continual agitation. She joined in the same opinion, and herself proposed that she

should accept Mrs. Ambrose's invitation, and added—'You will stay with me.'—'With much pleasure,' said I, 'if you wish it, madam, but—' 'I know to what you allude,' said she, 'but you must pass all that by: I have really too good an opinion of you and Mr. Wilson to suppose any thing improper.

'You might have added, madam, of yourself too; your own merit is sufficient to secure Mr. Wilson's entire affection.'

This little stroke of flattery confirmed her good humour, and she returned the compliment by saying I was a good, sensible girl, and that in future I must not mind her little pets, which were owing more to ill health than ill temper, for no tongue could tell what she suffered from pain and languor; 'I have this moment,' continued she, 'such a shooting in this finger, and my head, that if it do'nt go off I think I must lie down'.—'You will be better, madam,' said I; 'I will fetch my embroidery. Maria and I have had a dispute about a particular colour in a tulip, and, if you please, you shall determine it, as I know you are an excellent judge.'

I arose to fetch it, when the servant entered with a large band-box from her milliner in Bond-street, in which were caps for dress and undress, handkerchiefs and tippets for young and old. We opened it instantly, and called Maria down to assist in trying them. She was so pleased with this well-made finery that it entirely removed the shootings in the head and finger. After fixing on two caps, a fashionable handkerchief, tucker, and tippet for herself, she presented each of us with a dressed hat and cap, and the day passed in very good humour.

At dinner we talked of Maria's removal, and she wrote to Mrs. Ambrose that she accepted her kind invitation; she received an answer from that lady by return of post, appointing next Saturday for the visit.

Thus it is settled: and though I feel great reluctance in parting with her, yet am I much relieved on her account. As I now see Mr. Wentworth in a different point of view I shall not shun him, but on the contrary endeavour to show him every mark of esteem. I cannot divest myself of the opinion that his wife has been the author of the deception, for who else could it possibly be! So that at present I look on her with abhorrence, and sincerely hope she will continue in her resolution of not returning the visit; but this, perhaps, may not preclude our seeing him occasionally, as it will be known that Maria will not be here.

Adieu, my dear Susan—Maria will write to Mrs. West from Windsor.

I remain, yours, &c.

Harriet Vernon.

LETTER LXI.

Miss Vernon to Mrs. West.

Windsor.

I could not well resist the kind invitation of Mrs. Ambrose to remove to this place; I could possibly have no objection, but on the colonel's account; but I could not give that as a reason for declining. I came here on Saturday, and was received by the colonel with the most cordial friendship,

and his usual easy politeness. I don't know how it is, but the presence of this worthy man makes me uncomfortable, and I dread more than any thing to be left alone with him; I feel as though I had acted ungratefully by a man whose kindness merited my warmest affection. The base and perfidious treatment I have met with from Wentworth conspires to aid this view of myself, and fills me with shame. I think, sometimes, I am wrong. Harriet says it is my weak spirits cause me to think so, and make me afraid to see any one almost. But do not be alarmed, my dear maternal friend: I shall in time recover my health and spirits; the former is as well as could be expected under such circumstances. I must feel my disappointment, and it is only time can wear away the impression. Mrs. Wilson has on the whole behaved with great affection: she insisted that I should return to her again after a time; and as I think she really wishes it, I shall not, I think, seek a situation, which was at first my intention. Mrs. Ambrose, with whom I consult, cannot bear the idea of it; and advises me to continue with Mrs. Wilson as long as she behaves tolerable. She regrets the circumstance of her brother's attachment, else would of all things rejoice at my residing here with my sister; but seeing the impropriety of that, she urges me to accept of Mrs. Wilson's asylum. How unfortunate for me was her removal to Hampstead. Had she staid at B—— Hall, I had been spared many mortifications. Think what I must feel at sight of Mr. Wentworth! I however hope we shall not be troubled with his company; for we are informed by Mr. Johnson, that his lady does not wish to cultivate our acquaintance: I have seen her from the window several times; I hope it is the nearest view I shall ever have of her.

Mr. Johnson left their house the day before I left Hampstead. He is a very agreeable man; it is a pity he should continue a bachelor; but I talk as though he had taken a resolution never to marry; I suppose he has experienced the falseness of our sex, as I have of his; but it is illiberal to judge of all by the conduct of a few. I thought I discovered that Harriet was no small favourite with him; I wish he would fix his affections on her; she would retrieve the honour of the sex. It would, to all appearance, be a very desirable connexion; and I really think he is the only man she could now like. But I believe he has no serious thoughts of her; he would hardly express a dislike to matrimony in her presence if he had.

I think of staying here a month: were my mind at ease, I should find it a most delightful spot; but when ease of mind is wanting, let it be from what cause it may, nothing pleases. Such poor, weak mortals are we, that we suffer one partial evil to outweigh a great quantity of good. Mrs. Ambrose is every thing that is good, kind, and reasonable. The colonel is very assiduous to please; he is too delicate to mention Mr. Wentworth; and there are many parties of pleasure formed, I have reason to think, for my amusement. He spends most of his time with us, but never appears to study being alone with me, so that I feel easier than I did. I left my dear Harriet greatly amended in health

and spirits; I believe my disappointment has made her forget her own.

Having given you, as I think, on the whole, so good an account, you will excuse a longer letter; but I must not omit to tell you, that Dorcas is more resigned to my lot than I could expect, and takes some comfort on the score of her sagacity and dreams; for she says, she thought as how it would be so, and she shall never believe we are married till she actually sees us come out of the church.

Adieu, my dear madam,
With respect and affection, I remain,

M. VERNON.

LETTER LXII.

Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.

I CANNOT but regret the short visit my friend Johnson favoured me with. Your last words, when I urged your stay, have made an impression on me. You told me, 'married people should be left alone.' Alas! I fear you had too much reason to think it ought to be so in my case. Married people ought not to complain, or make a third person acquainted with each other's failings. This, I allow, in ten thousand instances; but mine is a peculiar case. You are my only friend; to you I must complain; in you I must confide; or I shall be doubly wretched. Oh! Johnson, I have been deceived in the disposition and temper of my wife. I had too much reason to fear it before I left India. The death of her father made no other impression on her thoughtless mind than what the shock occasioned for a few days. During our voyage I endeavoured to argue her out of her newly-adopted religion; and as I knew she had but few arguments to support it, I doubted not I should easily succeed. In this, however, I was mistaken; obstinacy supplied the place of argument; and I found it in vain to oppose. But when she talked of a confessor, I peremptorily told her I never would admit a Romish priest into my house. This declaration much displeased her. I took several opportunities to converse with her on the subject, it being proper that we should come to an understanding on this head before marriage; but she treated it with so much indifference and inattention, that I doubted not I might make her what I pleased; and I took pleasure in the thought of instructing a sensible though prejudiced mind in truths which I hoped would remove the prejudice and amend the heart. As the subject distressed her father, I spoke but little upon it to him. He once told me that the greatest pleasure he took in our union arose from the hope that I should be able to effect a change in her sentiments, which he had in vain attempted. Above all things, he advised me to break off the connexion with her friend lady Amaranth, as she was the cause of those sentiments. This I resolved, if possible, to do, and our leaving India seemed to favour my wishes. The inconstancy of female friendship has long been the theme of those who think the sex incapable of a steady attachment to each other. I am not of that number, and I confess that I could not confide in a female who had broken the bonds of friendship, or think she would hold those of love more sacred. My wife was an excep-

tion. Her acquaintance with lady Amaranth was not of a standing long enough to have been formed from experience of each other's merits, and thus to have deserved the name of friendship. She was very young, and to her youth and inexperience I ascribed that seeming warmth of her attachment. I knew nothing of lady Amaranth, otherwise than that she was an enthusiast in her religion; and the effect her persuasions had on my wife were too evident; but as the latter having sacrificed so much to love for me, I hoped every thing from breaking up this connexion; but in this hope I was likewise mistaken. She told me with a steadiness, and cruel indifference, never to be forgotten, that if I did not cease to tease her on the subject of religion, and give her permission to correspond with lady Amaranth, she would leave me the instant we reached England, and return to India and her friend. What could I do? My eyes were now opened to her disposition, and I was convinced I was not beloved as I imagined. To exercise the authority of a husband was not more for my peace than an acquiescence with her wishes; I therefore consented, and asked her love and confidence. You, Johnson, from the observation I know you must have made on her behaviour, must have discovered how little I have of either. But I will not despair: I will continue my indulgence. If she has a spark of generosity, she will love me. I have taken handsome lodgings in St. James's street, in order to introduce her to the gay scenes in London. She was extremely urgent for me to do this. I dread the introduction, and the effect flattery will have on her; but I could not refuse her. I wish she had a proper female friend to attend her. The dislike she took to miss H. Vernon is very unfortunate, as I had hopes that young lady might have been prevailed on to accompany us in our excursions to town.

I called on Mrs. Wilson yesterday. Miss Vernon is on a visit at colonel Ambrose's and his sister's at Windsor. There is a mystery in the behaviour of that lady to me which I cannot fathom. She behaved so extremely reserved and cold, that I should suppose I had offended her, if I did not know the contrary. The same manner of behaviour I also discovered in her sister, at my first interview; but it is worn off, and I have the pleasure to observe her usual appearance of friendship. You may remember I mentioned my surprise to you on this subject. Where is the young man miss Vernon is to be married to? But what is this to me? Time will discover what idle curiosity is desirous to know. It grieves me to observe her dejected looks and manner. I mentioned this circumstance to Mrs. Wilson, who said that her brother's conduct had distressed her. I wish this may be the only cause. But this lover, I wonder I hear nothing of him; it is however impossible that she can suffer from that quarter. Who can be insensible to the merit of such an angel! I thought Mrs. Wilson averse to talking on the subject. She appears to be a strange kind of woman; I own I should not wish her acquaintance but on miss Vernon's account; though Mr. Wilson, I rather think, may be a sensible worthy man, if one could draw him out; but he is so silent and reserved, that there is

no knowing at which point of his temper to begin, so as to lay hold of him. Perhaps it is best as it is. I remember you observed to me that you wondered not at my wife's reluctance to cultivate the acquaintance. I wish she may love me well enough to be jealous; but enough of this. If you can prevail on yourself to quit your retreat and join our gay parties in town you will much oblige me. Colonel Ambrose has given me a polite invitation to his house. I proposed to my wife our acceptance, but she would not hear of it, I therefore wrote an excuse for the present; but added that when we got to town we would do ourselves the pleasure of a morning ride. I could not help remarking that the colonel proposed our spending a week with him a month hence; and I find by Mrs. Wilson that miss Vernon is expected back at that time. Does he too think it proper that we should not see each other? If the young lady is attached to, and on the point of marriage with, another, where can arise the harm of her cultivating my friendship? But perhaps it is in compassion to me; if so, I wish him to spare it, for I am loth to be thought married against my inclination; and indeed I can truly say it will be ill conduct alone on my wife's part that can cause me to regret our union; for when I gave her my hand I resolved to surrender my heart with it.

Adieu, dear Johnson, I will write again on my arrival in town, when I hope the gloom which hovers over me will be dissipated.

I remain yours truly,

CHARLES WENTWORTH.

[*To be continued.*]

ACCOUNT of the new, grand, serious BALLET of ACTION, intitled 'CARACTACUS,' performed, for the first time, at the Theatre-Royal Drury Lane, on Friday, April 22.

The principal CHARACTERS were thus represented:

ANCIENT BRITONS:

Caractacus (the Gen.)	Mr. D'Egville.
Ulwy, - - - -	Mr. Robert.
Hengo, - - - -	Miss Bristow.
Edgar, - - - -	Master Noble.
Cadwal, - - - -	Master Wallack.
Oswald, - - - -	Master Bristow.
Ethelinde, - - -	Mrs. Sharp.
Isla, - - - - -	Miss Gayton.

Virgins, &c.

ROMANS:

Cæsar, - - - -	Mr. Cranfield.
Claudius, - - -	Mr. Fisher.
Drusus, - - - -	Mr. Male.
Marcus, - - - -	Mr. Laurent.

Officers, &c.

PART I.

SCENE—*The Sacred Groves of Mona, by Moonlight: an Altar placed beneath an aged Oak, prepared for the Sacrifice.*

The Bards appear, and by their songs summon their brethren to attend the ceremony; they assemble from the various caverns, and begin the rites. Isla (a virgin intended for the sacrifice) is led on by her friend Ethelinde, followed by a train of youths and virgins, lamenting the fate of their lovely companion. Caractacus appears, expresses indignation at their inhuman purpose, and forbids their proceeding, assuring them the gods are not gratified by such oblations; that fervent prayers alone are wanted to appease the Deity.

Dancing and sports succeed. Hengo wrestles with and vanquishes his young companions, obtaining a horn as the prize of conquest. Marcus, a Roman officer, is brought in guarded; he threatens Caractacus, who indignantly despises his menaces, and orders him to be confined. The Britons, assembled in arms, and headed by Caractacus, address the gods, and swear to guard the freedom of their native land. Marcus, during this ceremony, escapes from his confinement, and climbing aloft on the branches of the trees, conceals himself among the foliage, and overhears the plan of the Britons. The Britons retire to prepare for their defence. Isla and Ethelinde enter; the Romans conceal themselves, but presently advance and seize them, when Hengo enters, and sounding his horn they are surrounded by the Britons, who bind and prepare to shoot them, which Caractacus' arrival prevents: he expresses his scorn at their conduct; orders them to be released, and suffers them to depart. Roman soldiers are now seen ascending by various passes; an engagement takes place between them and the Britons, who are at length defeated, and fly. Caractacus enters in despair at finding himself deserted. Hengo enters, encourages his father. The grove is fired in several places by the Romans. Ulwy enters, and intimates the only chance of safety is in flying to the unfrequented parts of the mountain; they are surrounded by the Romans, Caractacus bearing Hengo on his back, and assisted by Ulwy, fights his way through the Romans.

PART II.

The Scene represents stupendous Rocks and Precipices, impassable to Strangers.

Marcus, Drusus, and Claudius, enter in search of Caractacus and Hengo, who enter, looking round with suspicion, as fearful of a surprise. Caractacus ascends an eminence, leaving Hengo at the foot of it. Claudius returns, perceives the boy, and attempts to seize him; he defends himself for a time: Caractacus leaping from the rocks seizes the Roman, nearly strangles him, and throws him on the earth; then ascends the steepest precipice with Hengo. Caractacus appears with Hengo on the summit of the cliff; the boy seems faint, and expresses a wish for a draught of water, which flows from a fountain beneath; Caractacus loosing his girdle makes it fast round the body of Hengo, and lowers him down toward the fountain. While the boy is thus suspended, Claudius, who has been in ambush, shoots an arrow, which pierces his body—he falls—Caractacus, mad with rage, tears away a huge fragment of the rock, and hurling it at the deceitful Roman crushes him to death. He descends, and taking his wounded child in his arms, advances, lamenting over him. Hengo expresses great anguish—his father encourages him, and brings water from the fountain in his hands to refresh him. While thus employed he is surrounded by Marcus, Drusus, and Roman soldiers, who are urged by their leaders to seize him—they are terror-struck, and desist. Marcus, more daring,

approaching to seize him, Caractacus snatches him up and throws him from him. Hengo, near expiring, implores his father to surrender, then dies in his arms. Caractacus, in a state of stupor over the body, is assured by Drusus no dishonour shall await him. Having now no hope remaining he surrenders, desiring a grave for his child. The Roman soldiers prepare a litter of the boughs of the oak, the father placing him on it, the body is borne off by the soldiers, Caractacus lamenting over it. The scene changes to the sea-coast, where the Roman gallies are seen at anchor. By the treachery of Marcus, Caractacus is chained and taken on board, and the vessels are rowed away.

PART III.

Scene—*Rome. Cæsar discovered seated on his Throne, surrounded by his Guards. A Procession of Roman Soldiers, bearing Trophies and Spoils, which they present to the Emperor.*

Caractacus is at length brought in a prisoner in chains; he addresses Cæsar, accusing Marcus as the principal in the disgrace he suffers. Cæsar in anger commands Marcus to be confined and punished — he is led off by guards. Cæsar descends from his throne, showing Caractacus the honour due to his valour, and commands all respect should be paid to him; placing him on an elevated seat by his side. The piece concludes with a Chorus of the Roman priests and virgins.

To give effect to this well-conceived design, the finest scenery, most appropriate music, (which does much credit to the taste of Mr. Bishop,) and the utmost richness and diversity of dresses were employed, and formed the grandest spectacle produced since *Blue Beard.*

The story of Caractacus, as narrated in the Annals of Tacitus, is briefly as follows:

He was one of the kings of Britain who distinguished himself so remarkably by his skill, intrepidity, and perseverance, in defending his country against the Romans, that his fame was celebrated not only in the adjacent provinces, but in Italy, and even at Rome. The historian adds his name was held in considerable repute. After nine years effectual resistance, he was at last defeated when fighting at the head of the Silures, or ancient inhabitants of South Wales, and was carried by his conqueror, Ostorius Scapula, together with his brothers, wife, and daughter, prisoner to Rome. There he was shown in triumph to the people; and while his relations seemed to sink under the weight of their misfortunes, Caractacus, still retaining a noble firmness, addressed the emperor Claudius in the following terms: 'Had my moderation been equal to my birth and power I should rather have come to this city as a friend than as a captive; and, in that case, you would not have disdained to have entered into pacific engagements with the descendant of illustrious ancestors, and the ruler of several nations. My present lot is as humiliating to me as it is proud for you. I was in possession of men, horses, arms, and wealth—and where is the wonder that I should be unwilling to lose them? Because you wish for

universal dominion, does it follow that all should voluntarily become your slaves? Had I surrendered without resistance, neither my fortune nor your glory would have been conspicuous, and oblivion would have followed on my punishment. If you spare me I shall be an eternal monument of your clemency.'

The impression which this address made on the mind of the emperor was such, that he instantly granted his pardon to Caractacus and all his family.

ACCOUNT of the new Comic Opera intitled, 'THE JEW OF MOGADORE,' performed, for the first Time, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Tuesday, May 3.

The CHARACTERS are thus represented:

Selim (the Prince)	Mr. Holland.
Abdulah	Mr. Raymond
Hassan	Mr. Kelly.
Nadab (the Jew)	Mr. Dowton.
Sicilian Officer	Mr. Braham.
British Officer	Mr. Smith.
Rooney	Mr. Johnstone.
Zelma	Mrs. Mountain.
English Captive	Mrs. Bland.
Mammora	Signora Storace.

SCENE—Mogadore and Morocco.

FABLE.

The scene principally lies in Morocco, and the fable chiefly relates to the loves of Selim and Zelma: the former is the heir apparent to the throne of Morocco, and the latter a native of Cyprus, for whom the prince had entertained an early affection. After some common incidents Zelma suffers shipwreck, and is saved and protected by the Sicilian officer, who lands her safely in Cyprus. Zelma is afterwards captured by Abdulah, who, with his crew of pirates, makes a descent on Cyprus, and runs away with Zelma. On her appearance at Morocco she is soon discovered, and commences her reign over the heart of Zelim. At first he is fearful of irritating his father Muley Ismael, the then emperor of Morocco; but he suddenly dying, Selim, who is actuated by humanity and honour, openly espouses Zelma, who becomes the partner of his throne. Another part of the story consists of the under plot, or loves of Rooney, an Irish slave, and Mammora, a Portuguese captive, both the property of Nadab (the Jew of Mogadore), eminently conspicuous for the finer virtues, and whose immense wealth is applied by him for the relief of the distressed and forlorn. Sensible of the honour and integrity of Rooney, his slave, the Jew announces his intention of setting him not only free, but of making him his agent or factor in England. Although Rooney is rejoiced at this happy change, yet he assures his kind master that he cannot leave Africa unless he consents to release his sweetheart Mammora also. The tender-hearted Jew gratifies his wishes, when they are suddenly interrupted in their departure by news of the death of Muley, the old emperor, and an alarming rebellion among the troops. It is then that the Jew has opportunities of professing his sentiments of respect and loyalty to the young prince, offering, if wanted, the use of all his vast wealth, even to the very last farthing. The courage and capacity of Selim, however, soon surmount every difficulty; the re-

bellion is extinguished, and all the parties are made happy.

As this Opera is the production of Mr. Cumberland, to whom the public are under many obligations for works that have 'taught the passions to move at the command of virtue,' and has in no small degree contributed to improve the moral tendency of the drama, it would show a narrow and illiberal spirit if we were to try the present composition by the rigid laws of criticism. It is certainly not entitled to rank with his best works, but as he has written more dramatic productions than any other living author, it is not to be expected that his mental resources should be as fertile and vigorous as ever. It is sufficient that on the present occasion he has produced a work that is amusing, if it does not excite any powerful interest.—The Fable has nothing very novel, but it has nothing very improbable, and as the sentiments are generous and impressive, and the dialogue neat, chaste, and sometimes elegant; as the piece is supported by some very good scenery and some very pleasing music, the public will doubtless show their respect for the veteran dramatist, to whom they have often been indebted, by patronizing this effort of his muse.

One of the main objects of this work is to place in an amiable point of view a people who have long been persecuted in every nation; but who, if we may judge from many individuals who have raised themselves into opulence, and have distinguished themselves by benevolence, have so much improved in moral character, as to deserve a more favourable estimation in the eyes of mankind. The Jew of Mogadore is another Sheva, and his wealth is expended with so much generosity, that we must admire rather than condemn the parsimony by which it was acquired.

The music is wholly the work of Kelly; it is of a pleasing and popular cast, and was very much applauded.

The acting was uniformly good. Holland never appeared to so much advantage. Dowton was quite at home in his part, which he supported with great humour and feeling. Raymond was very energetic. Johnstone, in an Irish part, displayed all his usual spirit. Braham sung delightfully, and so did Mrs. Mountain. Smith exerted his fine voice with good effect.

The piece was tolerably well received throughout its progress, by a very numerous audience; but when announced for the following evening had several dissentient voices, which, however, were manifestly against the sentiments of a considerable majority.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

HAVING observed in your Magazine for January last, a request to your readers for information as to the origin of the following lines:

'He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,
But he who is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again,'

On looking into a modern edition of Butler's Hudibras, I find the lines run thus:—

'—— I, with reason, chose
This stratagem t' amuse our foes,
To make an hon'rable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat.
For those who fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.'

But if you will look into the editions published twenty or thirty years back, the following lines will be found, as they form part of a selection from that excellent poem:

'——I, with reason, chose
This stratagem t' amuse my foes,
To make an hon'rable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat:
For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise to fight again.'*

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
R. P.

April 15, 1808.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

THERE can be no doubt that the lines beginning, 'He that fights and runs away,' do not occur in Hudibras, although they are of the Hudibrastic style. I wish I could say where they are to be found. I have been told, but I cannot say if I have been accurately informed, that they were made on sir John Cope, whose pusillanimous conduct, or want of judgment, occasioned the disgraceful defeat of the king's troops at the battle of Preston Pans in 1745, on which occasion their loss in killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, was about 1600, together with the train of artillery, stores of all descriptions, and a considerable sum of money destined to pay the troops. Very fortunately the Pretender did not follow up this signal victory, or the consequence must have been a death-blow to English liberty. Sir John Cope, with some other officers, was brought to a court-martial, but I cannot say from what circumstance he was acquitted. It will give me great pleasure if any person will confirm what I have stated, or give us the author from whence the quotation is taken; and, as the question is now started, I have no doubt but some one will solve it.

I beg pardon for trespassing on your attention with my uncertain remarks, and am,

Sir, your most obedient servant,
Y. Z.

April 23, 1808.

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* We have inserted this letter as we received it from our correspondent, though we have little doubt there is some mistake. The description of the edition should have been accurately given, the year when printed, by whom published, &c.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 166.]

LETTER XIV.

Lady Walsingham to the Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham-hall.

THIS morning we have had a pleasant drive round the park, and on the other side saw the superb equipage of lord Beauford driving towards the house; we therefore shortened our ride, and arrived just as he was alighting.

He was elegantly dressed; and taking Walsingham's hand—'Yes-

terday,' said he, 'I won the contested borough, and hope this day will be propitious to my winning a more charming acquisition; for which I must solicit your lordship's favourable ear and assistance.'—Adolphus led the way to his study.

We repaired to the lower drawing-room. Miss Lester, I believe, thought the business concerned her; for she betrayed some emotion on a servant's entering and saying my company was requested by the gentlemen.

On my entering the study, Adolphus said, "Can you, lady Walsingham, inform us whether Julia's affections are quite disengaged? Lord Beauford does us the honour to wish for our alliance. His proposals are magnificent, and her jointure will be splendid. If her heart is free, I know no person I would intrust with her happiness so soon as my noble friend present.'—His lordship bowed, and looked with anxiety on my face.

I said, 'I will freely, my lord, inform you of my own thoughts; that is all I can do; for Julia has not made me her confidante.'

'I sometimes think she has seen the man she could prefer before the rest of his sex; whether abroad or at home, or whether it is so at all, or not, I cannot certainly determine. But this we do know, that she has refused several good offers since her return from the German Spa, although none so brilliant as the present. But my advice is to send for her, and let her speak for herself; for, though your lordship's proposal is splendid, she is too noble a girl to accept it unless she gives her heart with her hand.'

Walsingham rung the bell: on the servant's appearing—'Tell Julia her presence is desired,' said he.

On her coming, he met her at the door—'My beloved sister, I hope there needs no protestations to convince you that I have your happiness much at heart: will you have the goodness to answer one question with sincerity—Is your heart in your own keeping?'—She trembled.—'Be not alarmed, my sister—you are free to follow the bent of your own inclinations. If you are disengaged in your affections, lord Beauford, I am persuaded, will make you happy. But if, at any time, you have seen the man you think you prefer to him, I know my sister's delicacy will suggest to her the propriety of now avowing her pre-engagement.'

He paused for a reply; but she covered her face with her handkerchief, and actually sobbed.

Lord Beauford looked irresolute whether to go or stay—'Will you retire with me or your sister?' said Adolphus.

'No, my lord,' she replied, removing the handkerchief from her face, which was as pale as death; 'no; I deserve some humiliation, and will not shrink from it. The honour lord Beauford intends me I must decline. His rank, his fortune, and his merits, entitle him to expect a lady whose heart shall be undividedly his own; in short, a lady who would make him a better wife than I could. It is not from disrespect to my lord Beauford, nor from want of knowledge of his many great and amiable qualities, but a consciousness of my own unworthiness makes me decline the honour of his alliance. You, my lord Beauford, must not look on yourself as a rejected man; almost any other woman, be her rank what it might, would

think herself honoured by your addresses. But an affair has happened—my life—my heart—I know not what I say—an affair has happened, my lord, which, till I see how it terminates, makes me consider myself as engaged, though my heart.... But you will excuse me, my dear friends, from saying more; I have a secret I own, but it must be locked in my own bosom. Your good opinion, lord Beauford, I shall always remember with gratitude; and pray Heaven that you may meet with a lady as nobly descended, and blessed with as many virtues as yourself; and may your days be long and happy. But, as for me, my sun of happiness is set! I earnestly beg of you all never to renew this conversation, or mention love to me again.'

'You have rendered me wretched, madam,' said lord Beauford, 'by your prohibition: I was in hopes that time, that assiduity might have softened my fate; but your pleasure shall be obeyed, whatever it cost me.'

'I am sorry,' returned Julia, with her eyes fixed on the carpet, 'very sorry to hear you talk thus: could I have given your lordship a less decisive answer, I should have conferred pleasure on myself; but I will not indulge hopes which never can be realized. You will pardon me for withdrawing.'—She courtseyed twice, with mingled dignity and respect.

When the door closed after her—'There vanished all my hopes of felicity,' said lord Beauford. 'But of what nature can those binding engagements be, which, I think, she seems to say engage not her heart? Cannot you, my lord, absolve her from them?'

'I know not,' answered Adolphus, 'I know not to what she alludes; it is the first time I ever heard of any engagements she had, and am as much astonished as your lordship at her mysterious declarations: but unless she chooses to communicate them freely, I have no power to force her; she is entirely independent, and accountable to no one.'

'Well,' said he, 'I must go to meet my constituents; Heaven knows with a heart very unlike a successful candidate. Time may do much for me; but I do not think I shall ever meet with the woman I can love like your sister.'

He left us without taking leave of our company, with a very different countenance to the one he had come with.

When Adolphus and I entered the drawing-room, miss Lester and Baderly were absent. Walsingham inquired where they were gone. Mrs. Howard answered, 'They are gone together for a walk in the garden.'

'Pish!' cried Adolphus angrily, 'one would have thought they had had air enough.'—'True,' rejoined Mrs. Howard; 'but miss Lester did not think so, for she challenged Baderly out.'—'Well, I will go and find them,' said he, 'and bring the fugitives back, if possible.'

He returned by himself in about ten minutes; and said it was very strange they did not say which way they should take.

'No,' answered Mrs. Howard, 'they did not say; only miss Lester said she wanted a walk, and asked Baderly to accompany her. They have been gone almost two hours.'

He was going out again, but met them at the door. Miss Lester looked as if she had been in

tears. Baderly appeared discomposed.

Walsingham cast a penetrating glance on each—'I have been looking for you,' said he; 'the air does not seem to have refreshed you.' He received no answer. Baderly seated himself by Mrs. Howard. Helen stood with her back to us, looking through the window. I left them in that situation to go to my nursery. I have had my little daughter christened after Mrs. Howard and my sister Julia. She promises to do very well, and is a very healthy child. My Adolphus grows tall, and much like his father, which, if possible, endears him more and more to me. I have written thus much since I came up, but must now be quick in dressing, for the first dinner-bell has rung.

[*In continuation.*]

THE gloom which obscured Helen's countenance was flown by dinner time. She appeared charmingly dressed, and looked beautiful,

> 'As morning roses newly washed with dew.'

Not so Mr. Baderly; his cheek was glowing, his hair disordered, and his dress nearly the same it was in the morning.

I was sorry to see him cast several contemptuous looks at Helen; and still more concerned at observing Walsingham and him exchange some angry glances during dinner.

Poor Mary, who loves, I believe, Baderly, seemed uneasy in her chair, and the conversation was wholly supported by Mrs. Howard, Seymore, and Champly (for Julia had sent an excuse by her maid).

When the servants had withdrawn, Walsingham said miss Lester was desirous of visiting Brighton; and, as lady Champly and her daughters were there, and in possession of a large house near the Pavilion, sir Harry had wrote to her ladyship to have apartments in readiness. 'But she refuses,' added he, 'to favour them with her company unless you, Caroline, or myself, conduct her to lady Champly. It is impossible you can leave your own house at this time; but I flatter myself you will be able to render Walsingham-Hall so agreeable to our noble guests that I shall not find one less when I return after my very short absence. And miss Lester promises to favour us with her company in town for the winter, so we must not expect to monopolize the charming girl wholly.'

'No, no,' said sir Harry, 'you are most confounded moderate in your expectations—have her in the winter! But I tell you, modest sir, I hope to see her lady Champly before the Summer is over: ha! ha! ha! live with you all the winter indeed!'

Walsingham did not seem to relish his mirth, but his attention was taken by Mrs. Howard speaking.

'Well, my dear lady Walsingham, I have some business in town which requires my personal attendance; and I had some thoughts of begging your excuse for leaving you; but since so many of your friends are quitting you I will stay at least till my lord returns.'

I thanked her, but my heart was full.

A servant entered, and presented a letter for lady Mary. She

retired to read it, but soon returned with it open in her hand. She was in tears—'My father, my dear father,' said she, 'has had a fit of apoplexy, and I to be absent from him at such a time! Nesbon writes that the physicians think him quite out of danger, unless a second fit should succeed this before he recovers his strength. She desires me to lose no time in coming home, as my father is continually talking of me. I am sorry to quit you, lady Walsingham, at this time, but so I should be a twelvemonth hence; but I need not make any apology to you for hastening to perform my filial duties; and I, in merely giving up my own inclination, of wishing to stay with you, shall be amply rewarded in finding my presence essential to the happiness of a good and tender father.'

I pressed the sweet girl to my bosom, and joined a sisterly tear to her's. Indeed my heart was almost bursting before; and had I not wept for her sorrows I must for my own; for on Walsingham's mentioning his intention of accompanying miss Lester to Brighton, a sensation, unlike any thing I had ever felt before, pressed on my heart so cold, so heavy, it seemed as if the streams of life were congealed around it.

Mary lifted her head from my bosom, and looking with a tearful eye round her—'In this company,' said she, 'I have experienced much pleasure and improvement.' Her eye met Helen's, whose laughter seemed only suppressed by the arch looks she assumed. I was grieved to see a feminine bosom such a stranger to pity, when even the callous heart of Champly seemed softened.

Lady Mary stood for a moment in blushing silence; when, raising her eyes with timidity, she continued—'And shall reckon among my happiest days those I have spent at Walsingham. I should have made an ill use of the time I have had the honour of spending with lady Walsingham should I depart without improvement by her elegant manners, and lovely example.

'You will all, I trust, (once more venturing to glance round) excuse my appearing again in company, as I shall set out on my journey early to-morrow morning.'

Julia entered.—'May I ask,' said she, 'what journey lady Mary is going to take so early in the morning?'

'Home to my father,' replied poor Mary, with emotion; and put the letter into Julia's hand.

When Julia had perused it, she said—'I did not intend, my dear Mary, to commence my journey till the day after to-morrow, but as your road lies the same as mine for a number of miles, we will set off together if you will stay till noon, as 'tis impossible I can be ready before that time.'

Mary stood irresolute — her heart was with her father, yet she wished to avail herself of Julia's offer, as Nesbon, her father's house-keeper, could not leave the earl to fetch her: I advised her to accept Julia's company, as I thought her travelling with only her maid and two footmen extremely improper.

She therefore agreed to wait till noon, and both ladies retired to make preparations for their journey.

Miss Lester, Walsingham, and Champly, talked of their excur-

sion to Brighton with seeming pleasure.

Alas, madam! why is it that I feel so exceedingly depressed at the thoughts of a separation? It is true, I never could part with my friends without tears; but my present ideas are so dark, so gloomy, that were I sure it would prove eternal I could not—I think I could not be more affected.

Then poor Julia is leaving us with the barbed arrow of concealed grief rankling in her bosom: her pale face and emaciated form, tells a silent, but expressive tale of anguish. Surely—surely her mysterious visit to the castle, nor any thing she discovered there, can be the cause of her melancholy!

But whatever may be the cause, I pray God when next we meet, it may be under happier auspices. I know for this good end you will join your prayers to those of,

Your obliged,
And affectionate daughter,
CAROLINE WALSINGHAM.

[*To be continued.*]

MOORAD, OR FILIAL PIETY.

A TALE.

[Continued from page 159.]

CHAP. VI.

'I, ALSO,' continued the stranger, 'frequented those public meetings where disquisitions were held on subjects of a political or national tendency, or rules for the direction of private life were suggested.

'I was charmed with the subtle logic and profound reasoning displayed by men, whose strong and active minds gave them the inventive power of suggesting great political measures—Whose vigorous and energetic abilities pointed out the means of accomplishing a desired object; and whose comprehensive knowledge supplied them with a degree of pre-science adequate to provide against every probable accident. But there were others, to infer from their sentiments, and general conduct, whose superior endowments were often shaded or totally obscured by an invidious rancour, and systematic opposition; and I lament to add, these were so lost to all sense of honour and integrity, that had they possessed the power and the direction of the national affairs they would not have hesitated to sacrifice their sovereign and country to obtain a vain and shallow triumph over those they deemed their adversaries. Nor were those personages more particular on the subject of consistency, than apparently solicitous to substantiate the purity of their own characters. This consistency, of which so much was said, would, to a rational mind, indicate a firmness of purpose, and steady determination of speaking or acting, on every occasion, according to the dictates of the heart, and the circumstances of the moment—not that false, and too often accepted, idea, which considers itself bound (notwithstanding any alteration of circumstances) to adhere most firmly both to an original proposition, and to its pristine shape.

'The talents which were eminently conspicuous in politics could not reach the pure spirit

and sublime force of morality. When such questions were agitated their inefficiency was most palpable. It requires a constant observer of human nature, a person whose capacity and assiduity has led him to examine the radical principles of life, and explore the probable end for which mankind was created, to dictate those maxims and rules by which the practice of piety and virtue may be attained.'

'There is,' replied Mahomed, 'a relative connection between politics and morality; but, as you have observed, the man whose attention has been directed to perfect himself in the former cannot have bestowed that minute and very particular application which the consideration of the latter requires.'

'That an affinity,' returned the stranger, 'may exist between them, I am not disposed to question; but observation has confirmed my conclusion in respect to the fundamental requisites necessary to form the character of a moralist.

'I also,' continued he, 'directed my steps to the houses appropriated for coffee and reading. I cannot express my abhorrence, in language sufficiently strong, of the majority of characters who resorted to those places: their impertinence was insufferable, and surpassed all toleration. The principal object of such institutions was reading and social converse; but those pests of society converted them into absolute forums. The ears of the citizens were invariably insulted with fulsome and inane arguments. Too partial in displaying their vanity and common-place expressions they only excited the pity and commiseration of their auditors.

'I endeavoured to investigate the character and conduct of the superior classes of society. That dissatisfaction which appeared in the inferior ranks I hoped to find, in a great measure, removed in the former, through the medium of a liberal education, exalted rank, and ample fortune, all which are generally deemed by their inferiors as necessarily productive of content and happiness, and as the great desiderata of life.

'I must confess I was early satisfied with respect to their true state. Their only advantage, within the circle of my discoveries, was the means and facility they possessed of contributing to the relief and prosperity of their fellow creatures; but which, alas! was seldom or ever practised. Their ideas and objects, it is true, are of a higher cast, but candour will always acknowledge that their anxieties and dangers are apportioned to that superiority.

'Our ignorance and folly is never more forcibly exhibited than in that common exclamation — "Grant the fulfilment of my present object and I shall then be happy." It is, we add, the ultimatum of my ambition, and the boundary of my desires. In vain are all such wishes: — We are no sooner in actual possession of them than a second object presents itself, and that phantom is pursued with the same eagerness, and the same anxiety is experienced as in pursuit of the first. The life of that man who is not content with the lot assigned him by the Deity is one continued and uninterrupted scene of inquietude and disappointments. He seeks afflictions, and

courts those calamities of which but a very small portion might otherwise fall to his share.

'I descended directly from the patrician to the plebeian. In the peasantry I flattered myself that I should, from their recluse mode of life and innocent simplicity, discover some degree of contentment. In this idea I was egregiously deceived. A few betrayed an apathy to their low condition; but the far greater number most bitterly reviled it, and sighed for an opportunity of mixing with the world.

'I now placed my dependance of meeting with real content, and the object whom I sought to call by the all-significant name of friend, in the middle stations of life. They in general possess a sufficient stock of knowledge to estimate the advantages of contentment, and to despise the extravagant desires of the uninformed. But, nevertheless, there were many who yielded implicitly to their native ambition, and declined the restraint of their passions, notwithstanding they were sensible of the utility of so doing, and of the evils inevitably attending its neglect.

'Fortune directed me to a spot where cheerfulness and content had literally taken their abode. I may justly designate the inhabitants of that spot as happy and virtuous in the extreme. The family consisted of a worthy man, his wife, and several children. In each other they possessed every valuable sublunary felicity. The cares and troubles of life were to them but mere shadows. Each successive day produced a repetition of that delight and satisfaction which reigned unceasingly in their breasts, and of its divine influence their countenances bore ample testimony. The demeanour of the husband was marked with good humour and urbanity; that of his wife was distinguished by its suavity and simplicity. A mutual love and esteem, added to an endearing attention, formed the basis of their conduct toward each other—a basis in fact, on which the superstructure cannot be otherwise than of the firmest and fairest nature. Their household exhibited a decent economy, and their board a neat frugality.

'To sojourn under the roof of such a pair was to me a luxury indeed. In their loved society I experienced the summit of my wishes, and attained in one moment, and by mere accident, that object which had engaged my unremitted attention, and defied my indefatigable industry for so great a length of time, and through so many classes of society.

'It often occurs that we toil and travail for years in search of some particular object, and at last meet with it by absolute chance, and not unfrequently in the very place from which we had departed in pursuit of it.'

CHAP. VII.

'I INTIMATED to the gentleman my motives for adopting my present plan of life, and expressed my firm determination of adhering to it with religious punctuality. This induced him to make a few observations which remain indelibly impressed on my memory. He observed, 'Before a man makes his election he should discriminate, with nice exactness, the various

characters that present themselves, and very maturely weigh the tendency of his own inclinations.—Much, said he, depends on the prejudices we may have imbibed in our early years. These too often take so deep a root, that it not only transcends our own endeavours, but exceeds those of the enlightened and experienced to eradicate them. When our determination is once fixed we should not be deterred from the pursuit by any obstacle, however apparently insurmountable, (for there are few that are not to be overcome by assiduity and perseverance,) nor should we suffer ourselves to swerve from the selected path by the smooth appearance of what may seem more eligible.

'For my own part,' said he, 'I ever deemed the social life (in the absolute sense of it) as justly entitled to pre-eminence; it is dictated to us by the primeval state of man, and verified throughout the whole creation.'

'From the knowledge I had acquired of the world I was convinced that hypocrisy and simulation prevailed to such an extent as effectually to preclude the formation of a society where each member might impart with safety his inmost feelings, and enjoy the satisfaction of a mutual and unreserved converse.

'I therefore looked for the consummation of my wishes in the conjugal state, being confident that that alone contained those inestimable advantages with which the cares and miseries of life are mitigated, or superseded.

'To discover a female in whose bosom the virtues which qualify that sex to render the conjugal a state of real felicity was now my sole pursuit. It is true the disappointments were frequent, but they only tended to give a zest to my endeavours. I had great reason to lament the disgraceful custom of the nation which refuses the toleration of a mutual and optional intercourse between the families, and also of that authority so unworthily and arbitrarily exercised by our sex, that militates against the inborn energies, and destroys that free and innate spirit of emulation and improvement which reigns in the female breast, and is inherent in their very temperament.

'Where in nature is there an object more entitled to our admiration than a female endowed with good sense and cheerfulness, whose modesty and affability, whose soft and tender heart, smooths the ruggedness of life, and calms those woes we are too often doomed to experience!—A man no sooner enters her presence than his cares and misfortunes are forgotten;—and on beholding her benign and sympathizing countenance confesses her powerful and fascinating charms, and shrinks under their ascendancy and superior nature.

'It requires but a very slight degree of penetration to ascertain the grand cause of this serious impediment to perfection. It is that distrust and jealousy which is nurtured by the prevailing example of the times, and which, in fact, is an inheritance as regularly transmitted from father to son (in this and the neighbouring countries) as the property of our ancestors.

'How black a shade does it cast on the character of a man not to place an implicit confidence in his

wife! It is principally from the want of confidence that the errors of the female originate. Place a just confidence in her, and I pledge my life (unless her mind is absolutely depraved) that it will prove an effectual preventive. And if she were in a slight degree vitiated, her pride and gratitude are always at hand to administer a potent antidote against any dereliction of duty.

'Fortune at length yielded to my incessant prayers, and conducted me to the dwelling of that person whom I hail by the fondest and most endearing of appellations. Decency prevents me from uttering her eulogy, but you will permit me to observe that I am indeed most happy. This sequestered spot is to us a perfect Paradise. In each other we possess unbounded felicity; in the education of our children a source of constant employment and ineffable delight; and in the assiduous endeavours to assist, or relieve our neighbours, and render them contented with their situation; a mental gratification infinitely superior to all the glittering tinsel of any worldly ostentation.'

'How perfectly did I coincide in the sentiments of that man. Our observations and conclusions relative to the conduct of the world were so similar, and our ideas, on almost every subject, corresponded so exactly, that I wanted not the cogency of his arguments, the impressive force of his delivery, nor the evident testimony of my senses, to induce me to give full credit to all he uttered. Suffice it to say, that our sensations were in all respects mutual, and from that instant my friendship has existed, and I trust will exist without diminution.

'Months in the company of these worthy people glided away totally unheeded. It was not until a year had elapsed that I could reconcile myself even to a temporary separation. However a firm determination of pursuing the selected track prevailed, and I departed with a sorrow that I neither did nor endeavoured to control. My heart dilated with grateful reflections on the attentions and kind hospitality I had experienced, and on my own happiness in possessing so worthy and excellent a friend.

'I returned to the city, and divided my time between the study of men and books, and in administering relief to the needy and afflicted. It is necessary to a man who aspires to real knowledge to combine and compare his reading with his observations—one without the other would prove an absolute nullity. The student on emerging from his closet is as ignorant of the world, and deficient in estimating the real advantages of life, as the opposite extreme is deficient in the essential requisites to form a virtuous character.

'The numerous objects I had an opportunity of observing afforded ample matter for reflecting on those circumstances which are commonly denominated 'The Miseries of Life.' It is certain they accrue from adverse fate—from accumulated misfortunes—and from bitter and agonizing incidents: but they are multiplied, and rendered efficacious by ridiculous absurdities, gross inattention, and by a nominal or faulty education.

'It is the duty of a man, when assailed by misfortune, to exert his fortitude and energies, and by

exerting them he will rise superior even to fate. But he who yields himself implicitly, or who hesitates to employ the gifts of nature, is a wretch unworthy of the form he bears, and has scarcely a claim to the protection of Divine Providence.'

[*To be continued.*]

LONDON FASHIONS.

THE fashions for the present month exhibit a costume perfectly antique, the elegant simplicity of which, and the classic taste of the ornaments, do great credit to the invention of our fair countrywomen. It is composed of a dress of white satin, or sarcenet, made to sit close to the form, and confined round the waist with a silk cord and tassels, the ends of which are seen below the drapery; the bottom of the dress is ornamented with a rich Greek or Etruscan border; the front is quite plain, and escaloped in a circular form; sleeves of the same, and worked in a small antique border to correspond with the top of the drapery, which is composed of patent net, or leno, of about a yard and half in length, which is caught up at the edge, at about a quarter of a yard from one end, and crossing the bosom passes under the left arm, and by being brought over the back of the shoulder is fastened by a gold broach, or ornament, which being continued round the back meets the other end to which it is attached by a corresponding ornament on the right shoulder, from which it descends in elegant and beautiful folds on each side the arm, the bottom of which is worked in a rich Etruscan border. The head dressed with bands, and two ringlets before the ear, ornamented with a tiara of gold, and a purple net handkerchief also richly worked with gold. Upon the whole this dress is one of the most simple and elegant we have ever seen, and promises to become a lasting favourite with the fashionable world.

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

[*From Bigland's Letters on Natural History.*]

THE object of all physical research ought to be moral and intellectual improvement; and, indeed, the study of nature, exalting our admiration, is peculiarly adapted to inflame our love for the Architect of the universe, the self-existent Author of all existence. Our love of the Creator, however, cannot be more appropriately displayed than by the exercise of universal benevolence towards his creatures. This important moral truth I have every where endeavoured to inculcate; and let it be impressed on your mind, and kept in your memory, that

'The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal suffering feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.'

This effusion of poetry speaks no other language than that of accurate philosophy; for there is every reason to believe that the sensations of many of the most diminu-

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Full Dress.

tive insects are as exquisite, and consequently their feelings are as acute as those of larger animals. The writhings of the poor worm on which we accidentally tread evidently show the pangs which it feels, shock the heart that is endowed with sensibility, and force it to lament the step which fortuitously caused these sufferings. Horrible however to relate, parents *too* frequently indulge their children in torturing poor animals in a manner at which humanity must shudder. Although this horrid propensity may, at that early period of life, be attributed to want of reflection, yet if indulged it may settle into a habit of cruelty, and render their hearts callous, not only to the sufferings of the brute creation, but to those of their own species. A parent, indeed, who encourages his child to torture a poor helpless insect ought not to wonder if he afterwards see him a murderer of his fellow creature, which will very probably be the case, unless a want of courage, strength, or opportunity, prevent the exercise of his cruelty, or the terrific dread of the gallows restrain his hands.

'What more advance can mortals make
in sin,
So near perfection, who with blood be-
gin?'

DRYDEN.

The supreme court of judicature at Athens, to its eternal credit, punished a boy for putting out the eyes of a bird that unfortunately fell into his hands; and parents and masters should never overlook an act of cruelty towards any thing that is endowed with life and sensation, however minute and contemptible it may seem.

THE FORCE OF NATURE.

A NARRATIVE.

EUDOCIA, an only daughter, was bred up under the auspices of Altheria, a lady equally distinguished by her piety as a Christian, and her affection as a parent. The temper and genius of the daughter were naturally warm and susceptible. The offices and duties of religion had habitually inspired her with such a zealous and fervent devotion that she seemed to have no happiness that did not flow from those exercises and attentions that religion required.

Her knowledge of books was little, of human nature less. She had, notwithstanding, conceived an infinite contempt for that world to which she was utterly a stranger, and concluded that to enter into the interests and engagements of society would be a voluntary sacrifice to vice and folly.

Eudocia was, in natural good sense, beauty, and a sweetness of disposition, equalled by few women of her time. These qualities engaged the affections of Alphenor, a gentleman whose genius and penetration gave him a kind of intuitive knowledge of the human heart.

He concluded that every attempt to introduce Eudocia to the world, or to establish the social life in her good opinion, would be in vain. He knew that it would be fruitless to argue with her on the pleasures she had never experienced, or the miseries she had never known. He therefore did not expatiate either on the advantages of society, or on the incon-

veniences of solitude ; for such had been the condition of Eudocia's life that as yet she was, in a great measure, a stranger to both.

Upon the death of her parents, which happened before she had attained her twenty-fifth year, her fortune and manner of life were at her own disposal. She now determined to put into execution a scheme which she had long meditated.—It was to retire, but not into a convent. A spirit of liberty had always saved her from that sacrifice, however industriously solicited by the emissaries of the church, or encouraged by selfish relations.

She was possessed of an estate situated in a very retired part of the province of Compeigne, and there it was that she had determined to live sequestered from the world, with no other society than an aged confessor, and necessary domestics—Of the last she made a very few, and those females, sufficient.

At this crisis it might have been expected that Alphenor would have used his utmost address to dissuade her from her purpose—by no means —On the contrary he encouraged her in her resolution, applauded the piety of her purpose, and expatiated on the happiness of solitary sanctity. He assumed not the least of the lover's character, but that of the religious friend. By this mean he gained one point which he had used all his industry, all his art, to obtain—he had Eudocia's permission to pay her a visit at the end of three months after her retirement ; a favour which was allowed to none beside, either of her friends or acquaintance, and which Alphenor himself, though through the mediation of religion, had scarcely address sufficient to obtain.

Eudocia retired—She approached the confines of her estate with raptures, and paid a kind of idolatrous worship to the groves that surrounded her habitation.

'Hail !' she cried, 'ye innocent and happy foresters ! Ye shall at once be the witnesses and the guardians of my repose—Enjoy your vegetable existence secure from the cruelties and ravages of man. I have fled from the evils of society to enjoy peace and innocence with you, my undesigning friends, my blameless companions. Often shall I associate with you, and repose under the kind protection of your shade.'

With the same kind of enthusiastic pleasure she walked through the several apartments of her house, consecrating each with a kind of petitionary ejaculation.

For the first week of her retirement she found sufficient employment in the economy of her family, and the distribution of their several offices to her domestics—The second she devoted to religious exercises and the raptures of devotion.

But whatever is rapturous cannot last long. Those exercises that lift the mind above its usual pitch, if too frequently or too long indulged, will, at length, either totally destroy it, or deprive it of that sobriety which is necessary for the preservation of its due poise.

Nature seems in kindness to have guarded us against the inconveniences that might arise from hence, by shortening the influence of joy, by inclining us to variety, and by giving the property either of indifference or disgust to every object that has been

too long or too assiduously pursued, with whatever avidity it might have been embraced at first.

That little society to which Eudocia had hitherto been accustomed was a necessary relief from the assiduities of religious studies and exercises, and, far from being any prejudice, was, in reality, favourable to the interests of religion. It is certain, however, that she was of a different opinion upon her first seclusion from the world; but many weeks had not passed before she felt the inconveniences of her mistake, if she were unwilling to perceive the mistake itself.

The exercises of devotion, by being too frequently repeated, became languid and unaffecting. Her mind, having been accustomed to communication, sunk under the weight of its own sentiments, and every succeeding day approached less welcome, and more feared than the former.

In this dissatisfied and dejected state she recollected the appointment of Alphenor's visit—with joy she recollected it, and remembered with a blush the difficulties she had started against it.

'How,' said she, 'shall I conceal the pleasure which I cannot but feel at the sight of Alphenor? If I express my real sentiments he will have reason to think his presence of some consequence to my happiness; and if I receive his visit with an indifference equal to that with which I received the proposal of it, I shall do violence to that candour and sincerity of heart which cannot bear even the shadow of dissimulation. In the former case I should appear a weak and unsteady creature to Alphenor: in the latter I should become insupportable to myself.'

While she was thus meditating in what manner she should receive her friend, the time appointed for his visit was at hand—but Alphenor did not appear. Master of every key to the human heart, he knew that if by delaying his visit to Eudocia he gave it the appearance of uncertainty, that uncertainty would probably create an anxiety on her part which might not be unfavourable to his design.

This had the desired effect; day after day passed away in the same solitary languor, and Eudocia concluded that the many objections she had made to Alphenor's visit had determined him at last to think of it no more. This reflection made her miserable, and she now wished for nothing so ardently as that the presence of her friend would prove these apprehensions vain.

At length he came—A tear fell from the eye of Eudocia when she received him; he observed it, and knew that he had now nothing more to do than to reconcile her to herself, and to enable her to acknowledge her mistake without shame or confusion.

Those wants that invention or eloquence could supply never distressed him long.

'I hope, madam,' said he, 'that a life of solitude has been more comfortable to you than it has been to me.'

'How!' cried Eudocia, 'has Alphenor been a solitaire?'

'Such, madam, I have ever been since I lost the happiness of Eudocia's conversation. It was always my ambition to imitate her. Shall she,' said I, 'shall a

woman have fortitude to forsake the world and retire to solitude, to practise the sublime duties of religion, and shall I not profit by the example of that virtue I cannot but praise? But, alas! madam, alas! Eudocia, shall I confess to you—'

'What would Alphenor confess!—Either the miseries and the inconveniences of absolute solitude must be very great, or I must have an uncommon and disgraceful weakness of mind; for the time I have thus devoted I have not spent in happiness, but in languor and discontent.'

Eudocia shed another tear.

'How kind,' said Alphenor, 'thus to pity the unhappiness of your friend!'

'I cannot,' replied Eudocia, 'accept of a compliment I do not deserve. The tear you observed had something selfish in it. Alphenor can have no uneasiness that is not the weakness of human nature; and could it be any satisfaction for him to know that his friend has been as miserable in a state of solitude as himself, his own ingenuous confession might countenance her in acknowledging it.'

It would be needless to add more to this narrative than that the union of Alphenor and Eudocia soon followed.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

MY two little amatory effusions inserted in your Miscellany for February, and upon which you made such critical remarks, I confess were both written by the same pen, on the same slip of paper, and nearly at the same period. The former inserted, is addressed to *Mary*, the latter to *Anna*. I trust the fair readers (to whose superior judgment you have left to decide whether Mary or Anna is the real object of my affection) will not in the least doubt my veracity when I reply, that the name of that nymph who claims a superiority over my heart is neither the one nor the other. Indeed it appears that you imagine that the resistless power of love, created by the fascinating charms of *two* belles, had so much influence over me as to excite my amorous addresses by *verses*. I assure you, that in respect of *sweethearts* I am no *pluralist*—and one, I trust, who has long been entitled to my love and regard, always has acknowledged the extent of my faithfulness. It were just the same if I had addressed myself to hundreds; for the respective names, Mary and Anna, are only selected as supposed persons, not as *cheres filles* of my own. Thus far, I trust, I have cleared myself from the disgraceful epithet of a *general lover*, and hope I shall ever merit the love and esteem of all the fair perusers of your valuable miscellany.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

AMICUS. *

H—s—h, March 8, 1808.

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* In justice to our correspondent and his ingenious justification, which we trust will prove perfectly satisfactory to our fair readers, we insert his letter, and have to apologise for its not appearing before:—It was intended for last month, but by accident overlooked. E.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

VERSES

Written by Charles Symmons, D. D. and recited by Mr. Browne,

At the Anniversary Meeting of the Society for the Literary Fund, held at Freemason's Hall, *Tuesday May* 3, 1808.

WHEN Xerxes fled from Sparta's lifted spear,
And, hid in Susa, deem'd the foe too near;
Remov'd by conquest far from war's alarms,
Greece, beauteous queen of science, arts, and arms,
With conscious pride, her matchless sons beheld
Contend for glory on Olympia's field.
There the light racer, with aërial soul,
This moment starts—this moment gains the goal.
There the strong wrestler vaunts his limbs, and there
Herculean muscles launch the disk in air.
The noble strife applauding crowds survey'd,
And hail'd the perfect work which nature made.
But when, advancing for his lot of fame,
With musing mien the sage historian came;
Display'd the golden records of his page,
Where chiefs and patriots live from age to age;
When, seated high amid the gazing throng,
The Bard harmonious roll'd his flood of song,
Full of the god, whom all his strains confest;
Unwonted rapture swell'd in ev'ry breast:
Each eye was fasten'd on the won'drous men,
And Asia's victors were unheeded then.
The crown was to the brow of wit assign'd
And all allow'd the triumph of the mind.

Where'er Society's ripe form has spread,
The sweetest flowers have circled Learning's head.
All that in life consoles, sublimes, or charms;
The adornings of fair Peace, the pride of arms—
Spring from the studious power: by that untaught,
Man's force were brutal, and his labours nought.
The flame may glow without a master's hand,
But soon it dies, or wildly wastes the land.
Foster'd and train'd, it lastingly supplies
Health to the heart, and incense to the skies.

In Heaven, their birth-place, as the Muses sing,
Their harmonies delight the Eternal King.
But oft to man, in mercy, from his throne
He sends the bright intelligences down.
Bids them reside on earth, celestial guests,
And live and kindle in some finer breasts.
There with creative influence to inspire
The radiant vision, and the thought of fire;
And thence, in light and power to emanate;
To gladden nations, and to make them great.
But thoughtless nations ill these gifts repay
With airy praises, and a shadowy bay:
To earth's low sons the feast of life assign,
And leave the Muse-illumin'd race to pine.
To those, like Jacob, corn and wine are given:—
To these, like Esau—but the dews of Heaven!

Ungrateful Britain! That thy lustre glows,
The centre gem on Europe's regal brows,
Is not because thy reaching arms are spread
From the sun's orient to his western bed:
Is not because the waves obey thy power;
And Commerce floats thee with a golden shower:—
No!—'tis because, when first by Heaven's decree,
Thy white cliffs glimmer'd o'er the subject sea,
The assembled Muses claim'd thee for their own,
And sovereign Genius made thy land his throne,
There, to partake the power that each supplied,
Freedom he wooed, and won her for his bride.
Then with bright energy, and eye sublime,
He shot his burning spirit through thy clime.
From mind to mind the etherial essence flow'd:
Here spread in judgment; there in fancy glow'd;
And, as thro' all the faculties it ran,
It opened and matured diviner man.
Some with dissecting intellect, it taught
To trace the fine anatomy of thought:
Some to explore the force, opposed to force,
That holds the circling planets in their course:
Some to pursue the comet's devious flight:
Some to untie the colour'd threads of light;
And some to pierce to life's conceal'd retreat,
Deep in the mystic cells of air and heat.
One pen it tipp'd with magic to controul
At will each passion of the conquer'd soul:
Nature in all her various tints to draw;
And image worlds which only Fancy saw.
One mind it lifted on a wing of fire,
Where never mortal durst before aspire,
To view the secrets of the dread abyss,
And range the sapphire fields of deathless bliss.
Pleas'd with the Sons of Soul, from Fame's high shrine,
Their Sovereign gave them crowns that richly shine:
Crowns, which their filial love, with homage meet,
Heap'd in resplendent order at thy feet:
A glorious trophy there, thro' endless days
To tower, and gild thee with reflected rays.
Their Monarch smil'd, and gave them what he cou'd,
Wealth was not his—he made them great and good;
And, Britain! then, thy generous soul to prove,
He fondly left them to thy guardian love.

Now speak their fortunes from thy grateful hand.
Of teeming earth was their's some wide command?
Was their's the sumptuous board?—The embroider'd vest?
With nobles seated, and by kings caress'd?
No!—in yon fane their cold requital trace,
Where weeping marbles their pale ashes grace.
Present, the worth was starved;—adored when gone;—
It ask'd for bread, and has received a—stone.

Ungrateful Britain! but thy shame is past;
Thy torpid Justice warms and wakes at last.
Urged by the few, who nobly understood
That letters honour'd were their Country's good;
That Virtue walks abroad, with Pity near;
One stirs reflection, and one draws the tear.
Faithful to Science and her suff'ring train,
That pleads the claim, and this imparts the pain;
Till, by the associate energies subdued,
Blend in our ranks the great, the wise, the good:
Till, with the spacious heart and affluent hand,
The Kingdom's Heir avows our patriot band:
Shows that, undazzled by the lures of state,
He knows the genuine secret to be great;
And tells his Britain, that with Learning's smile
Expand the pride and blessing of her Isle.

Yes! Britain owns us as our powers dilate,
Though her proud eye o'erlook'd our infant state.
Not often round the sun has wheel'd this earth,
Since a dim embryo point disclosed our birth.
The germ of being, with a parent's breast
Our Founder nurs'd, and, brooding, warm'd the nest.
Fed by his care the downy feathers spring;
And now to Heaven expands the vigorous wing.
From every plume distill ambrosial dews,
Grateful to man as fostering to the Muse.

On Carmel's summit when the Prophet sate,
His bosom beating for the birth of Fate,
A sky of brass in flamy hardness spread,
Glared on his eyes, and smote his hoary head;
Till a small cloud, arising from the main,
Cheer'd his sick heart, and spoke his faith not vain.
With gradual shade the aerial blessing stole
On the fierce day, and veil'd the burning pole.
Then prone and rushing, the prolific Power
Whelm'd thirsty Judah with a vital shower.
Exhausted realms the liquid vigour quaff'd,
And on her hills and vales exulting Nature laugh'd.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A GARDEN:

Addressed to him who can best understand them.

RETURN, my love! one kind embrace
Is all I ask before we part;
Yet, when I gaze upon that face,
Such tumults swell this throbbing heart:

I'd feign entreat you still to stay;
It rends my soul to bid adieu;
Then quickly fly, whilst yet you may,
And leave me here to weep for you.

Thus poor Maria would have spoke
Upon that sad and gloomy day,
When from her circling arms you broke,
And, cruel! tore yourself away:

But, with a cold averted eye,
You shun me now, tho' once so dear;
Ne'er strive to check the frequent sigh,
Nor chase away the falling tear.

Whilst yet a little sportive child,
My dearest hopes were fix'd on you;
No fancied griefs, no frolics wild,
Nor e'en the tears soft pity drew;

Not rolling years could e'er efface
Your image from my constant soul,
Whilst you pursued each newer face,
And, careless, rov'd without controul:

Another's lips first told your flame,
Whilst firmly you relied on mine;
I sighed—and trembled at your name—
And was not this Love's surest sign?

At once (tho' check'd by wounded pride)
This heart confess'd your sovereign sway,
And whilst I strove my love to hide,
I felt it glow with brighter ray.

Then why should malice, envy, too,
So keenly strive to blot my name?
When I, to all the world—and you,
Can boast a pure, and spotless fame?

How swiftly flew those hours away
Which witness'd first the mutual vow!
Then rapture mark'd each coming day,
And Love's fair garland deck'd my brow.

Together on *the bank* reclin'd,
(I hail the well-remember'd spot)
You vow'd to be for ever kind,
So soon is that sweet vow forgot?

Yet still I pardon every pain
You've cost this almost broken heart;
Say but you'll love me once again,
And never feel a wish to part.

Whate'er those faults each has to scan,
For ever be they all forgiven,
To *err's* the common lot of man,
Mercy the attribute of Heaven!

MARIA.

THE CURIEUX.

A TRIBUTE TO VALOUR.

By John Maine.

WHAT mean the colours half-mast high,
In yonder ship upon the main?
Ah me! a seaman made reply,
Some hero of renown is slain!

Yon brig is call'd the Curieux,
To Britain's foes a deadly name;
Her Captain, Sherriff, and his crew
No strangers in the lists of fame!

But in a daring enterprise,
Tho' glory has the conflict crown'd,
A wreck his gallant vessel lies,
While carnage reddens all around!

Behold, approaching to the shore,
The tars, lamenting, bow their head,
Poor Sherriff wounded to the core,
And for his King and Country, dead!

Ye brave companions of his life,
Ye heroes of the Curieux,
Who join'd him in th' unequal strife,
Who saw him bid the world adieu—

To Honour's bed his corse convey,
For glory was his leading star,
Mild as the gentlest breeze of May,
But like a lion in the war!

And keep your colours half-mast high,
A mournful signal o'er the main!
Seen only when th' illustrious die,
Or are in glorious battle slain!

WARRANTED RAZORS.

YOU warrant those razors that I have just bought?—
Yes, truly, I warrant them not worth a groat.

GIOVANNI.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Madrid, Feb. 8.

AN article in our Gazette states, that though there are eleven English ships of war lying in the roads before Cadiz, a fleet of fifty transports, under the escort of some armed ships, had lately sailed for St. Lucar. The Spanish fleet at Cadiz had received orders to join the French squadron lying there, and both had taken in provisions for three months, and were ready to sail at the first notice.

Brussels, March 2. Admiral Gantheaume has been appointed to the command of the combined Toulon and Rochefort fleets, and has already in consequence set out for Toulon. Rear-Admiral Allemand commands the Rochefort squadron under him. According to later accounts, Admiral Gantheaume sailed from Toulon with the combined fleets on the 12th of February.

Leghorn, March 2. Hitherto no intelligence has been received of the Rochefort squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral Allemand. We only know that it consists of six ships of the line, several frigates, and light ships. The Madrid papers say, that the Spanish squadron in the port of Cadiz, under the command of Admiral Apodaca, has received orders to unite itself with the French squadron under Admiral Rosilly. The Spanish squadron is in full readiness to put to sea on the first opportunity, and is victualled for three months. The Danish merchant ships which were here, have been partly sold, and the remainder will continue in our port till the return of peace with England.

Frankfort, March 12. The English have already commenced hostilities against the Austrian flag, and carried into Malta twelve ships bearing that flag; some of which were coming from Corfu, and some from Apulia.

Banks of the Maine, March 14. In the German papers we read an article dated the 8th of March, containing the following information:—

'The negotiations between the courts of France and Austria have been very brisk for some time past, from whence it is concluded, that affairs of the last importance are at present under discussion. The ambassadors of France and Russia, at Vienna, have frequent conferences with one another. In the southern parts of Russia great preparations are making; they are fitting out there a great number of ships of the line and frigates, and the fleet of Sebastopol, in the Crimea, will sail as soon as the season permits. It is supposed that, in consequence of the interposition of a great power, they will pass the Dardanelles, in order to attack the English fleet there, and probably to unite with the French and Spanish fleets for the purpose of executing an important enterprise.'

Madrid, March 21. On the 18th of March, the day before the abdication of the late King, he ordered the following Proclamation to be published:

'His majesty having received intelligence that the French troops will shortly pass through Madrid, on their march to Cadiz, deigns to communicate this circumstance to his Council, and, at the same time, declares his royal will, that the French

troops should be treated with all the friendship and kindness which is due to the army of the emperor of the French, the ally of his Majesty. The Council have therefore issued the present Proclamation, and rely upon the loyalty of the people for a strict obedience to the orders of the King.

(Signed) 'Bartholemew De Munes.'

March 26. Extract of a Letter from an Officer in the French army:

'On the 23d we appeared before Madrid, and entered the city the same evening. An immense concourse of people came out of the city to meet us. The whole army was collected together in the finest order. The grand duke received them amidst the acclamations of the Spaniards. He afterwards made his entry into Madrid, preceded by the Imperial Guard on horseback, and by a numerous Staff, and followed by all the cavalry, and the first division of infantry, under the command of general Meunier. The two divisions remained encamped on the surrounding heights. The streets and balconies were crowded with inhabitants, and with Spanish military, who expressed great satisfaction at the arrival of the French. On the 24th the prince of Asturias, proclaimed king by the natives, made his public entry on horseback. He is a fine man, and has an agreeable countenance; he went to the royal palace, which is not far from the palace of the admiral. The police of the city is maintained by patroles, which are commanded by two officers, one French, and the other Spanish, to prevent all disputes that might arise from the difference of languages.'

Riga, March 28. According to the latest intelligence arrived this day from Helsingfort, negotiations are on foot for the capitulation of Sweaborg, which is considered as certain.

Paris, April 1. Letters from Madrid, which we have received, dated the 23, 24th, and 25th of March, contain the details of the great events which have taken place in that country: the following appear to us the most worthy of notice. There was the greatest agitation both at Madrid and Aranjuez on the night between the 18th and 19th of March. The prince of the peace, who was arrested by the malcontents, whose numbers had been increased by a considerable number of the guards, felt that he was in the most imminent danger. The prince of Asturias with difficulty got to him. The minister, his enemy, begged his life. The prince protected him, though not without some danger to himself, and conducted him to the guard-house. Madrid for four days was subject to no kind of police. No murder was committed, but eleven houses were pillaged, viz. those of the mother, brothers, and relatives of the prince of the peace, and those of the two ministers, Soler and Spinosa. The re-establishment of tranquillity did not begin to take place at Madrid until the arrival of the king, who was loudly called for by the people. The proclamation of Ferdinand VII. commanding the people to receive the French as brothers, was received with acclamations. They were considered as deliverers from the time of their arrival; peace, enthusiasm, and hope, pervaded every breast.

A report was spread that the mother of the prince of the peace had fallen a sacrifice to the grief which she felt at this dreadful catastrophe. On the first day of the insurrection at Aranjuez some shots were fired from the palace of the prince of the peace, but no one was killed.

Tours, April 4. The emperor arrived in this town yesterday, at half past twelve o'clock; he did not stop, but passed through it, attended by his guard of honour, commanded by M. D. Gonstades. Two hours before a Spanish ambassador had arrived; he was a grandee of the first class, decorated with all the orders; he was going to Paris with a letter from the new king Ferdinand to the emperor of the French. Marshal Duroc, who was in the first carriage, alighted, and received the letter, which he delivered to his majesty, who, having read it, replied, that he would give an audience to the ambassador at the next stage. Several petitions were presented to his majesty, which he received with condescension

The ambassador left his carriage, and took a cabriolet to follow the emperor. On the preceding evening the whole city of Tours was illuminated, and all the magistrates assembled at the palace of the archbishop, supposing that his majesty would alight there. The emperor sent marshal Duroc to the archbishop to express his concern that he could not stop at Tours.

Madrid, April 17. King Ferdinand has commenced his journey to meet Napoleon. On the 12th of this month he entered Burgos in a magnificent equipage constructed for the purpose at the charge of that city, and drawn by sixty men, attired in the ancient Spanish costume. The city of Victoria, and many others, entreated that the illustrious and beloved traveller would visit them in his progress. To all these petitions he answered in the most condescending terms. This journey, we understand, has for its principal object, the marriage of our king with a foreign princess of the house of Napoleon, who is desirous of forming so august an alliance.

Manuel Godoy, his brother James, Branciforte, Masquina, and some others, are prisoners in the town of Villaviscioso, two leagues from Madrid, under a guard of 1000 men, commanded by the marquis of Castelan, and of 400 peasants, headed by an incognita in a shepherd's dress.

Gottenburgh, April 18. Our last advices from Helsingburg mention, that as late as the 16th inst. no French troops were in Zealand. Bernadotte, and some other officers, had been in Copenhagen, but had left it, and proceeded to Odensee. The Danes have permitted the lady of Mr. Fenwick, late British consul at Elsineur, to quit that place, and come over to her husband, who is at Helsingburg. A detachment of the Swedish army has entered Norway from Wormeland. Reports from Stockholm, brought by the post of today, say that the Russian army in Finland has halted for want of provisions.

Helsingburg, April 18. His Britannic majesty's ships, the Orion and Vanguard, are gone to anchor off Copenhagen. The Centaur and Implacable, together with two or three smaller vessells, remain here for the same purpose. The French force in Holstein and the island of Fuen consists of 15,000 Spaniards, 10,000 French, and 5,000 Dutch. They are commanded by Bernadotte; they seem to have given up for the present the idea of coming over to Zealand: indeed it is thought, that at this moment Bonaparte's attention is more particularly engaged in the South of Europe than the North; and the appearance of the English fleet has had the effect of putting an end to his operations here. The retreat of Bernadotte from Copenhagen, as soon as he heard of the English ships coming in sight, is said to have been rather precipitate.

Gottenburgh, April 22. That part of the Swedish army which has entered Norway is said to have already advanced seven Swedish miles (which is nearly equal to fifty English miles) without much opposition. By the last accounts from Finland the Russians were retreating, the cause of this is not known, but it is reported to be for want of provisions.

Amsterdam, April 30. The latest French letters of the 27th of April have brought nothing of importance. His majesty king Carlos and the queen were not arrived on the 23d, at Bayonne. Several of the provinces of the kingdom of Spain had nominated deputies to greet the French emperor on his entrance into Spain. A deputation of the council, states, and representatives of the kingdom of Navarre, consisting of not less than ninety persons, with the viceroy at their head, are for that purpose already arrived at Irun.

Gottenburgh, May 1. Several letters from Carlscrona and Calma received here to-day, state that the French and Russians, to the number of 10,000 men, have invaded the island of Gothland. They came over, it is said, in line of battle ship and several frigates, supposed to be the Russians from Memel and Liebau; four thousand men were landed on the 22d ult. and six thousand on the 24th. Such are the contents of these letters, but we do not give them full credit.

HOME NEWS.

Deal, April 24.

FOUR companies of the German light infantry came into quarters in this town last night and to-day, and are to continue their route to-morrow for Ramsgate, to embark. Several other regiments are on their march for the same service, from different parts of this district; and transports are daily accumulating at Ramsgate for their reception. The expedition will not be long before it proceeds for its destination.

London, April 26. Yesterday her royal highness the princess Mary completed her 32d year; the same was observed at Windsor by the assembling of most of the branches of the royal family. The dukes of York, Kent, and Cambridge, arrived early in the morning to congratulate her royal highness upon the happy return of the day. In the evening the royal family had a ball, in which they were joined by a select party of particular friends. Her royal highness' tradesmen illuminated their houses on the occasion.

At a general court of proprietors held yesterday at the East-India House, it was stated that there is at present a deficit of 2,400,000l. in their accounts, and that the court had determined to present a petition to parliament for relief. It was however strongly asserted that the company's effects were not only sufficient to defray their debts, but would leave a large surplus.

Canterbury, April 26. On Saturday, Sunday, and yesterday, divisions of the 1st and 2nd light battalions, and the 1st battalion of the line, of the German legion, have successively passed through Canterbury, and along the line of the coast, in parallel columns, for the point of embarkation at Ramsgate; the 2nd, 5th, and 7th battalions of the line of the same legion, follow to-day, to-morrow, and Thursday, and it is expected will all be embarked by Friday; after which the 1st battalion of the 52d light infantry will march from Canterbury for the same purpose; and last of all the 3rd light dragoons of the legion, the only regiment of cavalry as yet under orders in this district, and now stationed at Ramsgate, Stonar, and in its vicinity. The other British regiments destined for this service, viz. the 4th, 28th, 79th, 92d, of the line, and four companies of the 95th rifle corps, are drawn from the eastern district, and are on their march to embark at Harwich.

Beside the above, three brigades of artillery are to accompany the expedition, two of which go from Woolwich, and are embarking in the river; the other will be taken from this district. Seventy horses belonging to this brigade marched from Canterbury yesterday to be shipped at Northfleet; the guns and men are to be embarked at Ramsgate. One troop of the royal waggon-train, under the command of captain Turner, is also under orders for a similar destination, to embark also at Ramsgate, and to consist wholly of spring-waggons.

Lieut.-gen. sir John Moore is to have the chief command; major-gen. Mackenzie Frazer second; and major-gen. Gower will be on the staff. Mr. Kennedy goes as commissary-general, colonel Murray as quarter-master-gen. with the hon. captain Blaquiere, as his assistant in that department.

Yarmouth, April 27. His royal highness the duke d'Angouleme and suite arrived here on Saturday, to embark on board the Euryalus frigate, which is expected round from Spithead. His royal highness will proceed to Gottenburgh, to escort the remainder of the French royal family to England.

Dublin, April 30. At a quarter assembly held yesterday Mr. Willis stood up to make his long promised and highly interesting motion regarding the union. The worthy commoner began by lamenting that no one more adequate to the task than himself came forward to propose the motion, which he should have the honour of submitting to the House before he sat down. So self-evident was the proposition, that he should not at present accompany his motion with any arguments—he should reserve himself to reply to any that would be brought against him, if indeed any could be found in that assembly. Without further preface then, he would move, that a resolution, passed in the year 1800, by that assembly against the union, be now read.

The clerk having read the resolution accordingly, which went generally against the Act of Union, then in progress, and deprecating very strongly its injurious tendency upon the then kingdom of Ireland :

Mr. Willis moved, that the words of the Resolution be adopted as the sense of the present corporation of Dublin, with this addition, that every year since the enactment of that fatal measure proved its consequences, not only to the city of Dublin, but to the kingdom at large.

The motion was seconded by Mr. M'Kenny.

A long and desultory debate ensued, and a ballot was at length called for, when upon casting up the numbers there appeared,

White beans for Mr. Willis's Motion. .	49
Black beans	32
Majority in favour of the Resolution .	17

Carried with great acclamation.

Deal, May 1. General sir John Moore is arrived here, and the expedition is expected to sail every hour. The embarkation of the troops at Ramsgate concluded last night with the 52d regiment, a company of artillery and waggon train, from Canterbury, all of whom were on board by the evening, and the heavy baggage of the artillery, &c. was to be on board by eight o'clock. Nothing could have exceeded the vigorous exertions used on the present occasion—an expedition began and concluded in five days, ready for sailing.

Yarmouth, May 2. On the arrival here of part of the 95th regiment to embark at Harwich, two of the officers, captain Grant and lieutenant Layton, having had a dispute, proceeded to a small distance from the town to settle it. After firing twice, captain Grant was wounded in the spine, and instantly expired. Lieutenant Layton and the seconds have absconded.

London, May 4. Yesterday a meeting of the London clergy was held at Sion College to receive the report of a committee appointed by the meeting on Friday last to draw up resolutions expressive of their disapprobation of the Bill now depending in Parliament, intitled, 'A Bill for making more effectual Provision for the Maintenance of stipendiary Curates in England, and for their Residence on their Cures;' when several Resolutions were read and adopted; and it was resolved to present a petition to Parliament against the Bill.

Portsmouth, May 5. Lord Strangford, lord Forbes, Mr. Byng, &c. embarked at two o'clock this afternoon in admiral Montague's barge from the Sally-Port, and went on board the President frigate, of 44 guns, captain Adam M'Kenzie, for the Brazils. The President saluted lord Strangford with the number of guns due to his rank, as his excellency lord viscount Strangford, minister plenipotentiary to the Portuguese court at the Brazils.—At three o'clock sir James Gambier, Knt. and suite, lady Gambier and family, embarked on board the Serapis store-ship, of 50 guns, captain Lloyd. The Presi-

dent and Serapis then got under way, with the Brazil convoy; but as the wind is light and variable, they cannot get farther than St. Helen's to-night. The Undaunted frigate, 44, captain Maling, which accompanies them, and the Lightning, 16, captain Doyle, also for the Brazils, are come to anchor at St. Helen's. The Leopard, 50, admiral Bertie, is at St. Helen's, with the East India convoy, waiting for a fresh of wind.

Plymouth, May 8. Came in from the Brazils, with dispatches for our government, which were landed and forwarded directly to town, the Portugueze ship Galferdo La Bahia, commodore Gomelo Gerro di Mello; she had a tolerably quick passage, and brings the agreeable account, that the heroic prince regent of Portugal and the other illustrious members of the noble house of Braganza, were received by their new trans-atlantic subjects with the loudest and most rapturous acclamations and congratulations of joy, the shores being lined with thousands of spectators to hail and greet their landing off Bahia. When the Galferdo La Bahia left the Brazils, the London, 98, captain Western, and the other British men of war, with the Portuguese fleet, were all well and healthy, being plentifully supplied with fresh beef, fruit, and vegetables, from the shore. The Prince Regent conducted himself with great affability to his new subjects, who testified their approbation of his leaving Portugal by loud shouts of applause when he appeared in public.

Dover, May 9. The transport brig marked A. J. named the William, came into our harbour to take in troops, and this morning a part of the 95th regiment, upwards of 200 men, marched down along side, and instantly embarked; in less than a quarter of an hour they were all on board, and next tide the transport goes to sea; she is upwards of 300 tons burden and a very fine vessel. Passed by several whalers, and two or three American ships to the Downs; do not hear that they bring any news. We hear that all the men of war are sailed from the Downs. Blows fresh at West. A great deal of heavy firing has been heard for some days past from the French coast, but it has been too thick to see the cause of it; it is said that the Boulogne flotilla is going down along shore to Flushing.

London, May 10. The matches between Gully and Gregson, Horton and Crib, and Dutch Sam and Cropley, took place in sir J. Sebright's park, near Market-street, Herts, after they had been prevented by the laudable activity of some magistrates, at three other places. It was nearly three o'clock when a ring was formed, by permission, in sir John's park, and the first exhibition took place between Crib and Horton, amidst a tremendous fall of rain. A forty-feet-square roped ring was next formed for the grand contest between Gully and Gregson. They stripped and set to at half past three o'clock, with their seconds, Joe Ward and Gibbons for Gully, and Lee and Richmond for Gregson.

In the first round Gully put in two dexterous and dreadful blows at the same moment through Gregson's guard on the throat and mouth. Gregson fell as if he had lost his legs, and was covered with blood.

The battle continued twenty-eight rounds, during an hour and a quarter. In the twenty-fifth round Gregson received two as tremendous blows as any in the battle, which was decided in the twenty-eighth round, when Gregson could not be brought to the mark of setting-to in time; he also received a tremendous hit on the ear in the twenty-seventh round.

After the battle Gully addressed the ring, and informed them publicly he was so situated that he never intended to fight again, nor would he have done so in this instance had he not been bound to comply with Gregson's challenge. He had in this instance fought with a lame left arm, and Gregson surely would not desire to combat with him again.

Dover, May 11. Yesterday a most tremendous fire broke out in Mr. Fector's buildings, over the wall, among some casks of oil of turpentine.

The fire originated from a lighted candle being dropped among some casks

of oil of turpentine (about 70 or 80 casks), which setting fire to the whole, it was found impossible to face it. A Greek ship lay close to the quay by the fire, with 48 barrels of gunpowder in, but happily they were all got out safe; the ship's rigging and masts were on fire but luckily it was extinguished, and the ship saved. Two of the coffers used in the Boulogne expedition exploded, with half a barrel of gunpowder, and threw down the corner of the building, but happily no lives are lost, although several are wounded; a great many windows were broke, tiles blown off, and other damage done by the explosion. The fire began to abate about nine o'clock, and although it has burnt all night, and still continues to do so, yet the engines constantly playing on it have kept it from spreading.—captain Pellu, of the 16th regiment of light dragoons, was extremely active, as were the inhabitants in general, with the officers and men of the Shropshire and Perthshire militias, and the Royal Miners. The merchandize lost is considerable, together with the store-houses burnt; the whole buildings formed nearly a square; about the half of the S. E. part is destroyed. The damage may be fairly estimated at 20,000*l*. Great danger was run by the workmen, for besides the powder in the ships and stores, there was 1090 of Mr. Congreve's new invented rockets in a store-house nearly adjoining; happily they were removed in time, for had they taken fire, most likely the whole town would have gone. Workmen are busily employed among the ruins, but little merchandize has been found yet, worth the trouble.

BIRTHS.

April 20. The lady of the hon. and rev. Wm. Capel, of a daughter.

21. The lady of E. Roberts, esq. of York-place, of a son.

22. At Colchester, the hon. Mrs. Harvey, of a son.

23. At her mother's house in Devonshire-street, the lady of capt. Hollingbery, of a daughter.

27. The lady of William Cavendish, esq. M. P. of a son and heir, at his house, Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

May 3. At Castle-Malwood cottage, Hants, the hon. Mrs. Charles Murray, of a son.

At Cottage-Halkin, the lady of capt. J. B. Colthurst, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

April 20. At Bloxholm, Lincolnshire, Robert Ferguson, esq. of Nottingham-place, to Mary, only daughter of William Hamilton Nisbett, esq. of Dirleton.

Henry Humphries, esq. of St Bennet's Hill, London, to miss Newman, of Walter-Belchamp.

21. At East Stonehouse, near Plymouth, William Symonds, esq. of the royal navy, to miss Eliz. Luscombe, daughter of Mathew Luscombe, esq. of that place.

At Queen-square Chapel, Bath, John Collingridge, of Sunbury, esq. to miss Crosse, daughter of the rev. J. S. Crosse, of Bath.

23. At Lambeth Church, by the rev. Philip Dodd, John Turner, esq. of Stockwell Common, to miss Sarah Shewell, eldest daughter of Edward Shewell, esq. of the same place.

At St. Pancras Church, Mr. Wilson, of Doughty-street, to miss Charlotte Peckham, of Croom's Hill, Greenwich.

At St. George the Martyr, Queen-square, Mr. Thomas Griffith, of Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, solicitor, to miss Jane Backhouse, daughter of William Backhouse, esq. of Devonshire-street.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, C. Random, Baron de Berenger, of Hart-street, Bloomsbury, to Mrs. M. M. Waters, of Duchess-street Portland-place, widow of the hon. T. Waters, late governor of Bencoolen.

25. At Mary-la-Bonne Church, by the bishop of Bath and Wells, Charles Taylor, esq. M. P. for the city of Wells, to Charlotte, second daughter of John Thomson, esq. of Waverley Abbey, Surrey.

26. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, J. B. Temple Bowdoin, esq. brother of sir Grenville Temple, Bart. to Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Dickason, esq. of Montague-street, Russell-square.

At Bedford, the rev. John Johnson, LL. D. rector of Yaxham and Welborne, in Norfolk, to miss Livius, eldest daughter of George Livius, esq. of Bedford.

May 3. At Rockingham, in Northamptonshire, by the rev. Henry Astley, John Henry Palmer, esq. second son of sir John Palmer, bart. of Carlton, to the hon. Mary-Grace Watson, eldest daughter of the late lord Sondes.

At Haverfordwest, South Wales, John Daubeny, esq. LL. D. of Doctors Commons, to miss Fortune, of the former place.

At Islington Church, Joseph Esdaile, esq. of Highbury Terrace, to miss Garratt, eldest daughter of John Garratt, of Newington-Green.

At Hampton-Lodge, Surrey, the seat of Edw. B. Long, esq. sir Nelson Rycroft, bart. to miss Margaret Mandeville.

4. At Hagley, by special licence, by the rev. Geo. Trevelyan, the right hon. Reginald Pole Carew, to the hon. Caroline-Anne Lyttleton, daughter of lord Lyttleton.

5. At Mary-la-Bonne Church, by the hon. and right rev. the lord bishop of Durham, the rev. T. Baker, of Oriel College, Oxford, domestic chaplain to the bishop, to Julia, youngest daughter of the rev. R. King, rector of Worthin, Salop.

7. In Pall Mall, by special licence, sir John Allen de Bourgho, bart. of Castle-Connell, Ireland, to miss Eliza Hall, youngest daughter of the late captain John Hall.

At Mary-la-bonne Church, George Tritton, esq. of Westhill, Wandsworth, Surrey, to Mrs. Grant, widow of Colquhoun Grant, esq. late of Baker-street, Portman-square.

DEATHS.

April 12. At Whatley, near Frome, farmer Wm. Truman, who had nearly completed his 104th year. He used to relate particularly the circumstance of his weeding corn at the time of the total eclipse in the year 1715, when the darkness obliged him and his companions to leave the field.

At Bagnal, Derbyshire, Mr. Henry Froggatt, aged 77 years. He left behind him four sons, four daughters, fifty-one grand-children, seventeen great grand-children, seven sons and daughters-in-law, making 83. Twenty-six grand-children died before him. In all 109.

24. At his house in Philpot-lane, John Anderson, esq. banker.

27. At her house in Queen Anne-street, West, lady Peyton, widow of the late and mother of the present sir Henry Peyton, bart.

Mrs. Ingram, of Camden-place, Bath, in the 73rd year of her age, relict of J. Ingram, esq. London.

Mrs. Foss, lady of Edward Foss, esq. of Essex-street.

At his house, Clapham, Mr. George Taylor, banker, of Bartholemew-lane.

30. At her house, in Camden-place, Bath, Mrs. Morland, widow of Thomas Morland, esq. of Court Lodge, Kent.

May 1. Allan, second son of the earl of Galloway, at his house, Grosvenor-place.

On Sunday, at the house of his son-in-law, in Jewin-street, in the 68th year of his age, Pendock Clarke Price, esq. late of Watling-street, and of Westerham, Kent.

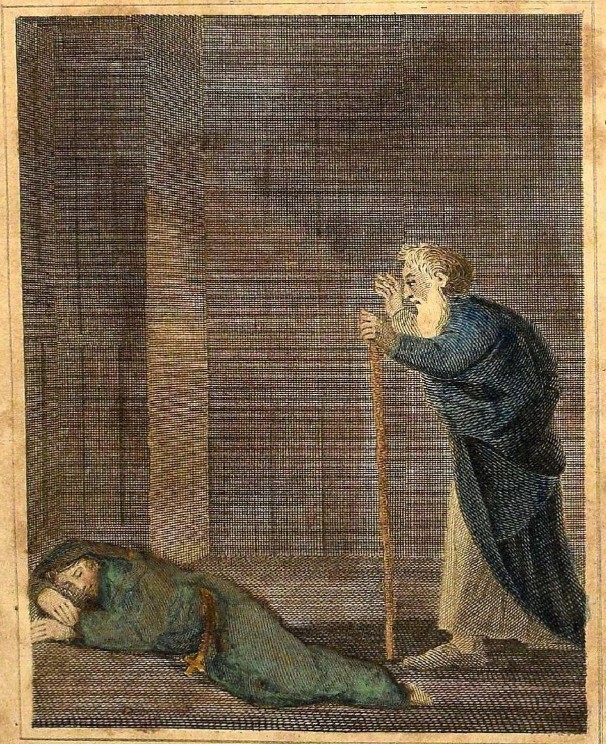
2. George Gardner, esq. aged 40 years, of Great Coram-street, late commander of the Montreal Danish Indiaman.

4. At her sister's house at Leeds, of a rapid decline, aged 21 years, miss Frances Stockwood.

7. At his father's house, at Clifton, in his 18th year, Schaw, youngest son of Schaw Grossett, esq.

10. At Exeter, miss Carolina Churchill, only surviving daughter of the late W. Churchill, esq. of Colliton, near Dorchester.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.



The Wandering Friar.